THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

There will be an authorised biography of Mr. Ruskin. The provisional biography by Mr. Collingwood answered its purpose well, but necessarily much was held back. The materials for the new biography are very abundant. For one thing, there is a long series of letters written by Mr. Ruskin to his parents, which has never yet been drawn upon. The biographer is not yet selected, but it is quite possible that Mr. Wedderburn, Ruskin's intimate friend and pupil, may undertake the task.

It is only the youngster who is praised for good spelling. Correctness in orthography is assumed in an educated adult, as manners are not an accomplishment, but a *sine quâ non* of gentlefolk. Hence when three badly misspelled words occur in one short story, and when its author is a man who has an enviable reputation in his craft, he deserves to be briefly but adequately scored. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in a story of his, "La Lettre d'Amour," has these three laughable "misfits" in orthography. He speaks of "the eternity of the Scarabea" (sic). In alluding to the emotions experienced by a young Hungarian violinist, he brings in this phrase—"beating rapidly to the time of the *Schardash*"—the italics are ours. Lastly, a young woman (a Bostonian, as if to accentuate the offence of it!), *à propos* of this lad's playing, is made by Mr. Davis guilty of this: "He shows no lack of feeling," she said, critically (!), "but his technique is not equal to that of *Ysais'* (!)."

The only explanation of this is that Mr. Davis has transcribed phonetically words that he has heard, not seen, though it is strange that he should not have seen Czardas and Ysaye. In a former story Mr. Davis spelled the name of the French *chanteuse,* Yvette, "Evette," which bears out our theory. To be sure, the pronunciation of Czardas, the name of the Hungarian national dance, is *Tsardash,* not *Schardash,* but he may have had the bad luck—such bad luck in his case!—to hear it pronounced as he wrote it. Yet this is hardly a case of *minimum pro nihilo computatur.* It is not disgraceful to be in ignorance of a thing. But it is always common sense to find out how it is spelled before writing it down where it will meet more educated eyes. The neglect to do so makes the smile which greets these ridiculous orthographical malapropisms very mild punishment indeed. It would be more courteous to his readers for Mr. Davis to buy a dictionary, and when in doubt to consult it.

Jacob A. Riis has written another book, *A Ten Years' War,* a sequel to *How the Other Half Lives* and *The Children of the Poor,* telling what has and what has not been done toward the relief of the conditions these described. It is cheerful slumming, not alone because a lot has been accomplished, but because Mr. Riis is an optimist. And why shouldn't he be? The man thinks he is a very commonplace person, just a reporter, who reports what he sees, reports what people do to help things along and "roasts" folks who get in the way. Yet he, one reporter in the thousands, has had more to do than any other one man in New York City with (1) tearing down rickety old rear tenements; (2) establishing small parks; (3) looking sharp after the enforcement of sensible tenement-house laws; (4) doing away with police-station lodging houses; (5) letting light

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JACOB A. RIIS.

in on the dark East Side. He does not say in the book that he did these things; it would, for one reason, betray his method, which is to discover an evil, look up a cure, persuade some good, rich or influential men and women to stand for it, then go to work and have the remedy applied. The writer of this was often at his elbow, watching him force city officials into finally giving New York Mulberry Bend Park, and when the park was opened the city officers and the reformers whom Mr. Riis had prodded or inspired forgot to ask him to make one of the speeches with them. This delighted the destroyer of the Bend almost as much as the policeman who whacked him with a billy for expressing his gladness at the sight of the first sod of the park by tramping on it.

"I am a reporter, a police reporter," says Mr. Riis, whenever he begins to deliver a speech or lecture. No doubt, he thinks that is all he is. And he is right to honour his trade, for it has served him well. He suffered himself the misery of poverty and homelessness in city and country, so that he began to know by experience. But the chance that made him a newspaper man sent him into the slums for news, completed his knowledge, so that he was professionally soaked with facts and the *flair* for his subject before he set out to write about it as a general condition. Then he came up, not as an amateur, a sentimentalist, a reformer or a student, but as a reporter; he had a taste for it all, he has sentiment, he is a student and he cannot let things be. But the best of it was that when he opened his lips it was to sing, just because the numbers came.

After all, however, it is the man, not the reporter, who is doing the work, and an interesting man he is. A Dane by birth, a carpenter by trade, he came to this country when a boy of eighteen, worked at all sorts of jobs until he had learned the language. Then he became editor of a subsidised political weekly in the neighbourhood of Brooklyn, but he attacked the ring which owned the paper, and though they were amused as well as astonished at first, they finally discharged Mr. Riis. The New York *Tribune* took him on as a reporter, and one dark, snowy night, on a characteristically mad rush to the office with news, he ran into the editor and knocked him into a pile of mud and ice. For that he was promoted to police headquarters, where, in the pursuit of motives, he fell upon the causes of crime, learned more and more, and finally wrote his first book, *The Other Half,* as he calls it briefly, which turned out to be news to the first half.

It was news because it was read. Mr. Riis is no artist, but he can tell a story; he has an unconscious sense of the picturesque and sentiment. His sentiment sometimes hurts a story, which would be better told offhand; but the sentiment has kept him from becoming a cynic. For the rest, Mr. Riis brought from Denmark his preference for the chunky Saxon words, and the haste of journalism would have kept his style direct and easy if his character had not predetermined all that. He has always stuck to journalism, and is now at police headquarters for the *Sun,* for which he has reported for ten years or more. The photograph which we herewith reproduce is, in Mr. Riis's estimation, the best he has ever had taken.

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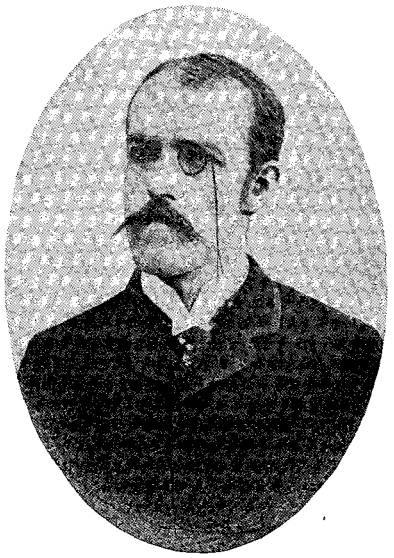
M. Henri de Régnier, the French poet and critic, arrived in this country the last of February, and after a short visit at the home of friends in New York proceeded to Boston and began his lectures at Harvard University. The American tour planned by him is of wide scope and covers a vast amount of territory. Besides the series of "conferences" to be delivered at the universities of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell and Chicago, he has been invited to lecture in San Francisco, as far north as Portland, Oregon, and as far south as New Orleans. We reproduce herewith a photograph of M. de Régnier. A critical appreciation of his work appears elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.



HENRI DE RÉGNIER.

A minor mystery of *Hamlet* seems to be cleared up by a discovery which has just been made at Elsinore (Helsingör), the scene of the play. An old document has been found in the archives of that ancient seaport, setting forth the fact that in 1585 a wooden fence, which had been put up in the year 1585 by the Burgomaster, had been destroyed by a company of English actors. The names of these actors are given, and they include some who are known to have belonged to Shakespeare's company. The *Frankfürter Zeitung,* whence the information comes, points out that Shakespeare "shows a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of that little seaport." The Elsinore local colour may not seem very strong to most of us, but only those who are familiar with the town can be good judges either of its quantity or quality. Horatio's words come back:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea.

So, also, one thinks of the lines:

Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erhears your officers.

It should be noted that Shakespeare's choice of Elsinore is curious. The older play which he worked up into his own, and which followed the legend, placed the drama in Jutland. Shakespeare's arbitrary preference of Elsinore, and his truthful touches about that place, are easily accounted for if we suppose that he consulted some of his fellow-players who were of the party that broke down the Burgomaster's fence. There is good evidence that troupes of English actors did wander over Western Europe at the time necessary to establish this interesting theory. In fact, the Earl of Leicester sailed to the Low Countries in 1585, taking his players with him, and four years later Shakespeare, we know, was of that company. Many things remain unexplained, but if the Elsinore document be genuine, there is ground for interesting research.

Of all recent American books that have been published in England, that which seems to have made the deepest impression on the literary mind is Mr. Frank Norris's *McTeague.* Perhaps he, more than any recent American novelist, has it in him, if he makes good his promise, to win not only a keen and grateful appreciation from English critics, but an increasing popularity with the English public. As in the case of Stephen Crane a short time ago, Mr. Norris has aroused a warm interest in his work; there is something in it that

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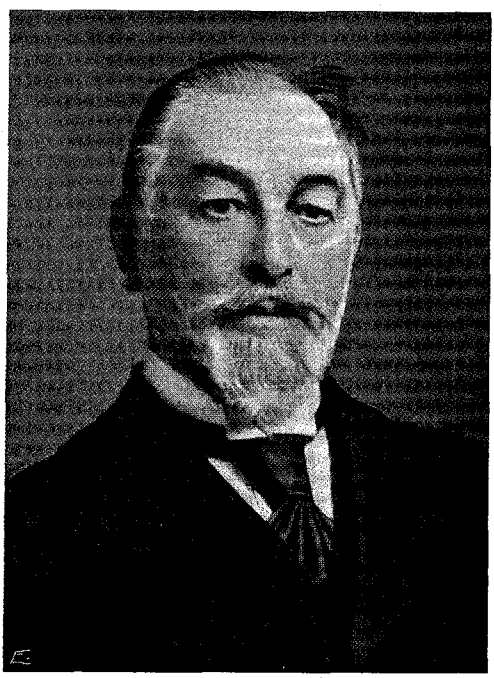
appeals to the Viking instinct in the race; and with the warning of Mr. Crane's obvious failure to meet the expectations he excited, the author of *McTeague* should walk humbly and strive patiently to do the best that is in him.



FREDERIC HARRISON.

We reproduce herewith a recent photograph of Frederic Harrison, whose *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and Other Literary Estimates* was reviewed in the March number of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Harrison's position among contemporary English critics and essayists is too well-known to need any especial introduction.

H. D. Traill, who died late in February, was for many years a conspicuous figure in English literature and journalism. There have been few men so brilliantly gifted as satirist and parodist. Owing, however, to the work entailed by his editorship of *Literature,* his original production during the past few years was not so plentiful.

It is probably as a master of parody that Mr. Traill will be remembered. There have been few men with such great gifts in this peculiar line. Of late a creation that seems to bear his stamp, the "Arbiter," has been giving his views from week to week in the London *Speaker.* The following is a recent parody of Mr. Kipling;

It is my custom when I deal with the Arbiter to ask set questions as though he were a book and I were a prig. It goes against the grain, but I notice that all the Arbiter's circle do it, especially John Doughty, the man with the wooden head. So I asked the Arbiter very solemnly: "What do you think was the chief mark of the nineteenth century; now past?"

A good thick question in the middle-class manner has the same effect on the Arbiter that a glass of cold water has on a sleeping man. He seemed to change his whole being, and replied in a very constrained fashion, "I should say it was sham—the attempt to seem more learned than you are especially, and hence the allusive style. . . ."

"What's the allusive style?" I asked.

The Arbiter, with the gesture of an overfed lion aroused from deep slumber, uncoiled from his easy-chair, and fetched down one of the prose works of the Bard of Empire (if, indeed, such a poet can be said to write prose at all).

"Listen to this," he said.

"'The king-bolt flew through the massy grease-choke till the pivot caught the eccentric just under the pin-wheel. McArthur watched with his eyes trundling from his head like Dagawharri berries. "My——" he screamed, "—— * * * * ? ? ? My—— —— —— in ——. It can't hold!" Then the sob of a young teething child escaped him, and I saw the thyroid process coupling on the ganglion in his great throat, and he sobbed gingerly as the *Gentle Sarah* took it over on the port, and settled to the swing of the water!' That's the allusive style," he said simply.

"Well, I call it very fine," said I. "I'm told that was read to an optician and an analyst, and they both cried, it was so accurate."

"Don't you worry," said the Arbiter. "He got it all out of the Technical Dictionary. Do you suppose he'd know the meaning of any of those words if you woke him up in the middle of the night and taxed him with it? Why, he'd cry for mercy!"

A book that could revive the old desire for reviewing in Mr. Quiller-Couch, which he thought "buried and done for," must have something worthy to commend it. The book in question is one of last season's novels, *The Enchanter,* per-

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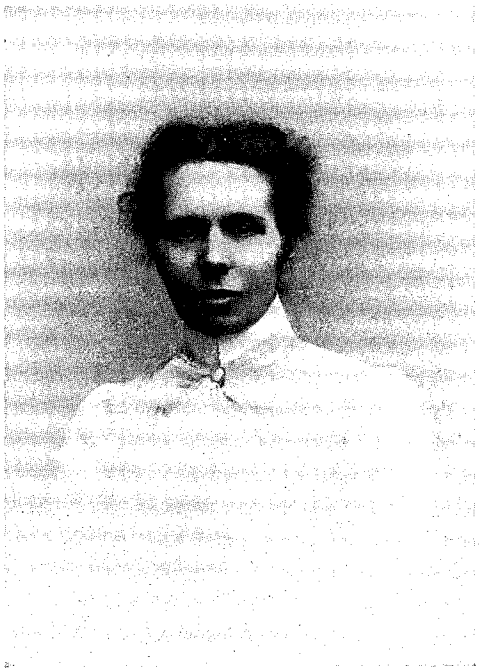
haps the most original book of the year and the most promising as the work of a new writer. "It 'took' me," writes Mr. Quiller-Couch in a letter which we are permitted to quote, "from the first page, and when I had finished the Kashmir business I felt that no piece of truer romance or of finer had been written for a long time. *The Enchanter* gave me extraordinary pleasure; it was so full of promise, so original in a score of small ways, touching here and there the great heights and often a nobility of feeling which the most of our story-tellers—so far are they from reaching it—seem never to suspect."

The Enchanter is a remarkable book by a remarkable woman. The author is Miss Una L. Silberrad, and it is her first book. She has lived all her life in a quiet little town in Essex, England, and the country described in her novel is the picturesque Essex Marches. She was born in 1872, and ever since she can remember she has been fond of telling stories. *The Enchanter* was begun in 1895, just as she had entered her twenty-third year, and was finished two years later. All her writing was done on Sunday afternoons, her only available time, as Miss Silberrad is the second member of a large, ambitious family of limited means. The work took another year to typewrite, and was finally submitted and accepted by the Messrs. Macmillan last spring and published in November. It was also published in this country by the Macmillan Company. The English reviewers have unanimously noticed the unusual merit of *The Enchanter,* and the book has been commented on by several well-known critics, but it has missed that large recognition that other deserving books have suffered in common with it in the all-absorbing interest and suspense created by the war in the Transvaal. But the book is one to be strongly recommended for its fresh and unusually interesting story, its striking characterisation, its alluring picturesqueness of treatment and its broad and sympathetic humanity. Miss Silberrad, moreover, has a genuine feeling for literature; she is a careful and loving student of human nature; she has insight and imagination and she writes because she has a story to tell.

Miss Gertrude Dix, whose *Girl from the Farm* was one of the few books that went into a second edition in the Keynote Series, has just finished a new novel, entitled *The Image Breakers,* which has occupied her during the last



Sincerely yours
Una L. Silberrad

three years. It is said to be a novel of extraordinary power and ability, and will probably make a sensation when it appears. It is not a purpose novel, but a strong current of seriousness underlies the development of character, and it makes for the same high ethical plane as *Romola* and *Anna Karénina.* The moral, so far as there is one in the book, might be indicated by the truth to which the poet has given expression: "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." It will be published in the autumn by the F. A. Stokes Company in this country and by Mr. Heinemann in England.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is putting the finishing touches on his new novel, which is to be entitled *Out of the West,* and

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will be issued by the Messrs. Putnam, probably in August. He has been engaged on this novel since writing *Children of the Mist,* which has won a deserved success. It will also have for a background the wild, picturesque life of the moors in Devonshire, with which he is so familiar. Mr. Phillpotts has been engaged to write the novel for the next Arrowsmith Annual, which appears in November. It is to be a story of sixty thousand words, and while still keeping to his beloved moors, comedy will play a larger part in it than in his previous work.

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We are glad to announce, by the way, that Mr. Phillpotts's *Lying Prophets,* which was published by the Messrs. Stokes some three years ago, is to be revived in a new edition shortly. In some respects it is a much greater novel than *Children of the Mist;* more dramatic, stronger in human interest and notable for one of the most compelling and sympathetic studies of womenkind that recent fiction has afforded. Mr. Phillpotts has been a hard worker and has had to battle with impaired health, but in these last two novels he has really found his *métier.* His work, too, is of the kind that lasts; once he has won the ear of the public he will keep it.

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We reproduce herewith a sketch, by Mr. C. J. Taylor, of Farnham House, Broadway, in the county of Worcestershire, England—now the artist's residence. Old Farnham was built about the close of the sixteenth century, and was until the present century a farmhouse. Broadway is six miles from the nearest railway station, so that little change has been wrought in the old village. Before the introduction of railways Farnham was on the old coach route between London, Oxford and the Welsh towns. Since, from a busy posting centre, boasting three or four well-patronised inns, the town has degenerated into a mere huddle of ancient dwellings. Some years ago two American artists visited Broadway and were charmed with its Old-World quaintness. Mr. Millet took up his abode in Farnham House, and Mr. Abbey there produced

SCENE FROM "THE PRIDE OF JENNICO."

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such works as "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Sally in Our Alley." Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema was another inmate of the old house, and William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones visited the old place and passed a night together in the ancient coventry tower on Broadway hill, in order to see the sun rise over the Cotswolds.

The front of Farnham faces the village green. It is the first house attracting attention when one enters the village from the vale of Evesham side. Its exterior is covered with great vines of jasmine and ivy, and a magnificent climbing yellow rose encircles the doorway. The rear has four gables with the entire walls covered by an aged grapevine that clings to the upper gables and spreads its foliage over part of the old stone roof. The fireplace in the drawing-room is eleven feet in width. The ceiling is in black oak timbers, and the doors throughout the house are low, two-panelled affairs with ancient iron latches and drop handles. The garden is the conventional English garden with box-wood edges. It has been painted many times, and Sargeant there found the inspiration for his "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

We have been much interested in observing to what extent our American newspapers would rise to the opportunities and the necessities of the war in South Africa. Considering the intense interest with which its progress has been followed by the American people, we can hardly say that our journalism has in any way distinguished itself. As we noted in our last number, only two American correspondents have been in the field; and, for the most part, even the great metropolitan dailies have contented themselves with meagre cablegrams, supplementing them by excerpts from the English newspapers when these finally arrived by the slow process of the mails. The *Tribune* of this city, however, had one very satisfactory feature in the shape

FARNHAM HOUSE.

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of a long dispatch each day from its London correspondent, giving a full and most interesting account of what was going on and what was being said in London, which place was, after all, in one sense, the storm centre of the whole war. The *Sun*, also, performed a real service to its readers in giving each day on its editorial page a clear, concise and intelligent summary of the military situation, with just enough comment to make the whole thing plain to the general reader. On the whole, however, we think that our leading journals are less satisfactory than they used to be, and that the reports they give of important events both abroad and in this country are poorer every year. As newsgatherers, they distinctly show a lack of the old-time desire to get not only the news itself, but all the news. Possibly their sense of proportion has been vitiated by the sacrifices which they have made at the altar of sensationalism; for some of the editors no longer seem to know the difference between a great historical event and a brawl in a back alley. The way they garbled the Dreyfus case, for instance—but we commented upon that at the time.

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As to the war itself, it is going along in about the way that it might have been expected to do under the conditions that have existed since it began. That the English in the end would win, unless the Boers received the aid of foreign intervention, has always been a mere matter of arithmetic; for no amount of skill and no amount of courage will ever enable a limited number of men with limited resources to overcome an unlimited number of men having unlimited resources, especially when the superior force represents good fighting material like the English. How long the affair may now go on is utter guess-work, for it may equally well be protracted for another year or terminate in a sudden peace. That is a question which the Boers alone can settle.

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Remembering, as we must, how the English called us on Dewey Day "the most excitable people on the face of the earth," we cannot help referring to the absolutely frantic manner in which London received the news of Cronje's surrender and of the relief of Ladysmith. Now, on Dewey Day our people were indeed profoundly stirred, but their exultation was perfectly self-restrained, and was due not so much to the fact of our victory over Spain as to a feeling of pride that we had broken the bonds of provincialism and isolation, and had stepped forth into the world's arena with new inspiration, with new duties, and with new power. Consequently, there was an underlying seriousness in all the excitement of that period, and no one with any insight could fail to notice it. When Dewey appeared amid the millions who massed themselves together in his honour, he was everywhere received with hearty cheers and with demonstrations of delight; but neither then nor at any other time did our people rush howling and bareheaded through the streets as did the Londoners when they heard that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts with fifty thousand troops had, at the end of an entire week, compelled the surrender of four or five thousand "undisciplined farmers," as the English themselves at one time were fond of calling them. We do not think that Americans will hear much more from England about our terrible excitability—at least, not just at present.

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The truth is that England's military prestige cannot possibly be won back by any victories that she may gain over the South African Republics. Even if every Boer should finally be hunted down and killed, there would be nothing in this to show England to be worthy of her old position as a first-class military power. This place she will not recover until her War Office shall have been thoroughly reorganised in a thoroughly modern way, and perhaps not until she has successfully faced in battle one of the greater Powers. That England should be strong is for our interest as well as for her own; for in the long run those interests are identical; and the danger is that the British people may so exaggerate such successes as they win from the Boer Republics as to make the blunders and the incapacity which marked the beginning of the present war seem ancient history, instead of grim and grisly warnings whose lessons it is impossible for Englishmen to learn too soon.

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Persons concerned about university education, and many others also who are simply interested in a good, vigorous controversy, have been enjoying the development of an affair which had its origin in the office of our respectable contemporary, the *Atlantic Monthly*. There are several phases to this affair. It all began with a paper by President Eliot of Harvard University, which the *Atlantic Monthly* published, and which pleaded for the extension of Mr. Eliot's pet elective system to the secondary schools. In the course of the article a number of statements were made to which Professor West of Princeton University objected, and the *Atlantic* promptly printed what Professor West had to say. Apparently a controversy had now been started, for Professor West's article was highly controversial. Moreover, President Eliot had criticised the Jesuit colleges in rather an offensive way, and had coupled them with the Moslem schools in his description of their methods; and so a very accomplished and clear-thinking Jesuit, the Rev. Father Brosnahan, sent an article to the *Atlantic* with the intention of replying to this part of President Eliot's remarks.

Now just here the *Atlantic* showed a beautiful editorial shortsightedness and general hebetudinosity. Having published already one controversial reply to a part of President Eliot's paper, it refused to publish another reply to another part, giving the somewhat illogical reason that it could not open its pages to controversy! That is to say, the editor lost the chance of giving to his readers the pleasure of a most interesting discussion carried on by men of marked ability, and at the same time he showed an apparent inconsistency.

However, Father Brosnahan has had his reply printed in a very attractive pamphlet, and has sent it all over the country, so that for the last month or so educators have everywhere been talking of it. And well they may, for it is one of the neatest bits of controversial literature that we have seen in a long, long time. In the first place, it is a model of courtesy and urbanity; in the second place, its style is clear as crystal; in the third place, its logic is faultless; and, finally, its quotations, illustrations and turns of phrase are apt, piquant and singularly effective. It does not represent a personal controversy, nor does it concern itself particularly with the Jesuit educational methods as such; but it is, in reality, a keenly critical and thoroughly practical examination of President Eliot's theories about "electivism" —theories which have made Harvard into a curious jumble of college and university, and which President Eliot would like to see carried down into the schools, in the apparent belief that babes and sucklings have an intuitive and prophetic power of determining just what is going to be best for them in all their after life.

Some of the touches in this little monograph are delicious, as where the author says with the most urbane and deferential air that "it would, for the sake of erudition, interest many to have President Eliot cite or at least give references to the passages of the Korân" which would justify his description of the "Moslem" methods. Again, there is much neatness in the paragraphs which show that where President Eliot in his large way has spoken of a certain system as existing unchanged for four hundred years, the period in question, as a matter of fact, is just about fifteen years in length. Altogether, we have not in a long time read anything which compacts into so small a compass so much dialectic skill, so much crisp and convincing argument, and so much educational good sense. We hope that President Eliot has been reading this over very thoughtfully himself. He has been so long an autocrat in his own particular microcosm as apparently to make him somewhat careless when he addresses a larger public. In this case he has certainly been evolving argumentative material out of his inner consciousness, in the spirit of the person who first said *tant pis pour les faits;* and it is just as well that for once in a way he should have been brought up with a good round turn. As the information would probably never reach him from Harvard sources, we may gently convey to him the information that throughout the entire country

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professional educators and men and women of cultivation generally are immensely amused at the cleverness with which his alleged facts and his iridescent theories have been turned into a joke. But we are sorriest of all for the *Atlantic Monthly.*

The London *Academy,* in a recent article on the subject of the fiction of popular magazines, expresses belief that the large circulations achieved by the principal English sixpenny magazines are the fruit of a most resolute and business-like attempt to discover and satisfy the popular taste in monthly journalism. The conductors of these periodicals began their task absolutely unhampered by any ideas about art and the ethics of art. They simply trained their ears to catch the least vibration of that *vox populi,* which for them was divine, with the result that, after the formula for a truly popular magazine was reached, development had been arrested, and the sixpenny monthly was stereotyped into a pattern, the chief details of which can be predicted with exactitude from month to month.

We shall be justified, continues the *Academy,* in believing that the imaginative literature now printed in the popular magazines coincides with the popular taste as precisely as the limitations of human insight and ingenuity will permit. It assumes, of course, varied forms; but we are concerned only with the most characteristic form—that which is to be found equally in each magazine, and which may, therefore, be said to speak the final word of editorial cunning. This form, without doubt, is the connected series of short stories, of five or six thousand words each, in which the same characters pitted against a succession of criminals or adverse fates pass again and again through situations thrillingly dangerous, and merge at length into the calm security of ultimate conquest. It may be noted, by the way, that such a form enables the reader to enjoy the linked excitements of a serial tale without binding him to peruse every instalment. Its universal adoption is a striking instance of that obsequious pampering of mental laziness and apathy which marks all the most successful modern journalism. Dr. Conan Doyle invented it, or reinvented it to present uses. The late Grant Allen added to it a scientific subtlety somewhat beyond the appreciation of the sixpenny public. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has not disdained to modify it to his own ends. But the typical and indispensable practiser of it at the moment is Mrs. L. T. Meade. The name of Mrs. Meade, who began by writing books for children, is uttered with a special reverence in those places where they buy and sell fiction. She is ever prominent in the contents bills, if not of one magazine, then of another. She has the gift of fertility; but were she twice as fertile, she could not easily meet the demand for her stories. With no genius except a natural instinct for pleasing the mass, she has accepted the form from other hands, and shaped it to such a nicety that editors exclaim on beholding her work, *"This is it!"* And they gladly pay her six hundred guineas for a series of ten tales.

We have received the following interesting letter from a Washington lady concerning an article on Thackeray, which appeared in our last number:

In the March number of the BOOKMAN there is an anecdote of Thackeray, credited to Trollope and quoted by Melville, that I feel it necessary to reconstruct, as it concerns an early friend of my own, to whom I was especially indebted for literary opportunities during the winter that Thackeray lectured in Boston.

Mr. Ticknor, who wrote *The History of Spanish Literature,* was a man of refined and retiring tastes. In that particular winter he had been urged by friends to open his drawing room and library to a literary reception every Wednesday evening—if I have not mistaken the day. For the first time one might go to his house without a card. It was to such a reception that Thackeray went. The subject under discussion was not Love, but the proposed Law of International Copyright. Several persons spoke with heat concerning the question, and as one of them adroitly changed the subject, Thackeray struck Ticknor on the shoulder and said: "Let it alone; what can two such broken-nosed old fellows as you and I do about it?"

Your readers have heard of the game of "Consequences." Did that game ever distort facts more completely? Mr. Ticknor was not

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a popular man in Boston. He was supposed to be on the wrong side of the slavery question—with how much reason those who will take the trouble to read his delightful *Letters* can easily ascertain. Thackeray had a broken nose, but we never heard in Boston that Mr. Ticknor had. It was popularly supposed that this incident occurred at Mr. Thackeray's first visit to Mr. Ticknor, but as he was before he left a frequent visitor, it must have been when they were on familiar terms. Mr. Ticknor certainly would not have entered on intimate intercourse with a person who could address a stranger in such rude wise. Some years later—I think just after the close of our Civil War—Mr. Ticknor was in London, and there resumed his friendly intercourse with Thackeray.

I think that no one is now living who could be pained by this story. The students of Boston and its neighbourhood owed a great deal to Mr. Ticknor and his library. It was not necessary to know him to ask a favour of him. One of the most valuable lessons he taught me was how to lend books freely without losing them, and my library has in consequence been free to all without loss for half a century.

It was to his daughter, reared under his influence and sharing his generous purposes, that the United States owed that noble institution called "The Society for Study at Home," imitated speedily at Chautauqua.

Another story current at the time of Thackeray's first visit to America, and which I believe to be true, did probably originate before the two men became intimate. When Thackeray accepted a friend's invitation to go to one of the Wednesday evening's, he went in the secret hope of seeing Theodore Parker. Of course, he was disappointed, and said so to his friend as they left. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "you would never meet Parker there." "Indeed," retorted Thackeray, "I thought Ticknor saw the best society!" Those who knew Boston well in 1856 will take the joke that then convulsed the town. I once had the pleasure of telling Thackeray that I always felt sorry for him when I read his books, as I thought him very unfortunate in his experience of women.

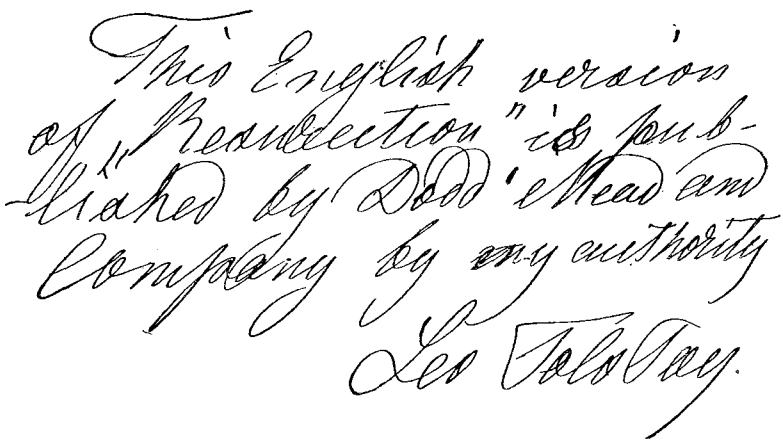
"Why so," he asked.

"Because," I replied, "if you ever knew good women, they must have been fools or bright women—and they must have been knaves, otherwise you would certainly have given us one truly bright and good woman;" but this peremptory judgment must be retracted when one reads the letters he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield.

I do not suppose, however, that any high-minded woman ever closed one of Thackeray's novels without feeling that he had wronged her sex and lowered the womanly ideal.

❧

There has been of late years a very evident tendency toward books which treat reminiscently of New York, and this tendency seems at the present time to be growing so much stronger, that, without undue optimism, one may look forward to a very complete literature on the subject. During the past twelve months there have been published several important books of this kind; one in particular, Mr. Charles Hemstreet's *Nooks and Corners of Old New York,* which appeared last autumn and became almost immediately, by virtue of the vast amount of well-digested and well-arranged material it contained, practically indispensable. Another book which the New Yorker may read with much interest and profit, Matthew P. Green's recently pub-



COUNT TOLSTOY'S AUTHORISATION FOR AMERICAN EDITION OF "RESURRECTION."

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lished *Thirty Years in New York Politics,* is alluded to elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. It is the immensely entertaining record of men and events connected with the administration of the city's affairs since the close of the War of Secession. *The New Metropolis,* a subscription book brought out early in January, is of interest chiefly on account of the many quaint prints and maps of early New York to be found between its covers.

The story of the older New York differs essentially from the story of the older London and of the older Paris in that a great part of it brings in the personal element. The London of Cromwell's time, the Paris which François Villon knew, are as remote from the London and the Paris of to-day as Babylon or Thebes. To reconstruct them is the work of the archæologian, a labour which involves the poring over of many old maps and musty documents and the reading of many books. On the other hand, the New Yorker of even the younger generation can point with a certain element of personal pride to what was part of the older New York; and the experience of a man like Mr. Dayton, who gave us *The Last Days of Knickerbocker Life,* or of Mr. Haswell, the author of *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian in the City of New York,* covers what is practically the whole story of the city's development from a large village to a great cosmopolitan metropolis. And besides this, by reason of the rapidity with which New York has swept northward, there is added a certain delightful uncertainty as to the future. We read with huge amusement of the New Yorkers of the first decade of the century, who urged that inferior material be used in the construction of the City Hall on the ground that only a few suburbanites would ever look upon the edifice from a point north of Chambers Street. Who will venture to say that the last years of the twentieth century will not find New York's belles displaying their puffed sleeves and crinolines somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fishkill or Poughkeepsie?

It is this personal element that brings the history of the city so much nearer to the New Yorker than can ever be the case with the great cities of the Old World. A brief newspaper paragraph announcing the death of some man who in former days played a part in municipal affairs, the tearing down of an old wall or structure, will spur the reminiscence of every citizen who knew or read of the man or the edifice at a time when they were occupying a prominent place in the city's life. This reminiscent spirit is seen at its best in the old Greenwich villager. He will become garrulous and remain so for hours in talking of the past glory of that quarter of crooked streets and quaint architecture. His face will glow with a light of precious memories as he tells of the "stringing up" of negroes to the Hudson Street lamp-posts during the draft riots; of the great rough-and-tumble fight between John Morrissey and Bill Poole on the dock at the foot of West Tenth Street; of the old wooden pump that used to stand at the corner of Bleecker and Eleventh Streets; or of the famous Bond Street murder case, of which he has forgotten the date and the particulars.

Some time after Mr. James Lane Allen's beautiful work of fiction, *The Choir Invisible,* was published we announced that he was engaged on a new novel to be entitled *The Mettle of the Pasture*—a vigorous title of Shakespearean suggestion for a work treating of the yeomen of old England who had planted their sturdy roots in Kentuckian soil. But while engaged on this novel Mr. Allen was attracted to a subject that had long lain in his mind, and which now returned to him with an insistence that was not to be resisted. The dream of those embued with high intellectual and religious ideals in Kentucky was to plant a university in the State. This dream was at length realised in the Transylvania University, only to be destroyed and to pass away forever through the internecine strife of religious sectarianism. Mr. Allen as a young man himself entered the university and was a participant in its tragic career. These conditions form the background and produce the characters which figure in his new tale to be published shortly by the Macmillan Company. It is entitled *The Reign of Law, or a Story of the Kentucky Hempfields.* The trend of the book

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and the religious crisis through which David, its hero, passes are indicated in the title, but David has a passionate love story as well, which plays an important part in the development of his character. One critic who has read the story declares it to contain by far the finest and noblest work Mr. Allen has yet done, and no whit deficient in that beauty of human passion and interest which characterises his former work, and which has given him an accredited place with the foremost living authors.

The late Mr. Richard Hovey, the most pretentious of whose works is reviewed in another part of our magazine, was, on the whole, the most serious of recent American poets. His personality and his verse harmonised quite perfectly. Of powerful frame, a striking and interesting figure, one who radiated energy and who was unconventional to a degree that led him to be regarded, perhaps not quite unjustly, as something of a *poseur*, his poetry was written first of all with strength, with a persuasive masculinity of phrase and thought, and at times with a certain lawlessness and freedom from convention that often gave to it an added charm. His early death is a distinct misfortune to American literature; for, dying as he did at the early age of thirty-five, he may be said to have ended his life-work just as he had reached the threshold of serious achievement. He was the one member of the so-called "Canadian school" of poets who possessed something more than cleverness and sentiment, and who suggested at least in some of the things he wrote the glow and fire of real genius.

In an editorial entitled "Mr. Choate Becomes Fantastic" the New York *Evening Sun* of March the fifth had considerable to say concerning an address which our Ambassador at the Court of St. James delivered at the dinner of the Authors' Club. The editorial character-

FAITH AND FATE

To horse, my dear, and out into the night!
Stirrup and saddle and away, away!
Into the darkness, into the affright,
Into the unknown on our trackless way!
Past bridge and town hurtled with flying feet,
Into the wilderness our riding thrills;
The gallop echoes through the startled street
And shrieks like laughter in the demoned hills;
Things come to meet us with fantastic frown
And hurry past with maniac despair;
Death from the stars looks ominously down —
Ho, ho, the dauntless riding that we dare!
East to the dawn, or west, or
~~For good or evil — east, west,~~ south or north —
Loose rein upon the neck of Fate — and forth!

FAC-SIMILE OF POEM BY RICHARD HOVEY.

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ised as interesting and surprising many of Mr. Choate's remarks about authors and the reading public, but, above all, it found curious his selection of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe,* Cervantes's *Don Quixote* and Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* as being "the most famous books" handed down to the present generation. What did Mr. Choate mean by "the most famous books"? queried the *Evening Sun;* and then supplied its own definition, that a famous book is one which everybody is supposed to have read, which most persons have not read and which few have read twice.

Now with much that is said in this editorial we very emphatically agree. It is quite true that "to hear some people talk you would imagine that all self-respecting 'Anglo-Saxons' began the day by reading a scene out of one of Shakespeare's plays and wound up the day with Milton," while, as a matter of fact, the acquaintance of the average well-educated man and woman with these glories of our literature is something which fades more and more into the distance as the days go by. But, on the other hand, we do not for one moment believe that the general ignorance and apathy concerning the four books mentioned by Mr. Choate is anything like so dense as the *Evening Sun* would have us think. In the first place, we disagree absolutely with the editorial's remark that it is the religious public which knows about *Pilgrim's Progress.* We think, on the contrary, that at the present day the place of the Bedford tinker is with the good Dumas and Eugène Sue as a great amuser, and that to readers of a certain age the narrative of the *Pilgrim's Progress* has all the contrivances of stirring fiction, while Great Heart is a sort of spiritualised Count of Monte Cristo, possessing all of that worthy's omnipotence and omniscience. As to *Don Quixote,* we believe

My love for thee doth take me unaware
When most with lesser things my brain is wrought,
As in some nimble interchange of thought
The silence enters and the talkers stare.

Suddenly I am still and thou art there,
A viewless visitant and unbesought,
And all my thinking trembles into nought
And all my being opens like a prayer.

Thou art the lifted Chalice in my soul
And I a dim church at the thought of thee;
Brief though the moment be, the mass is said,
The benediction like an ~~unseen~~
Is on my spirit, and shuddering through me
A rapture like the rapture of the dead.

Chelsea Square
6 Feb. 1898.

Richard Hovey.

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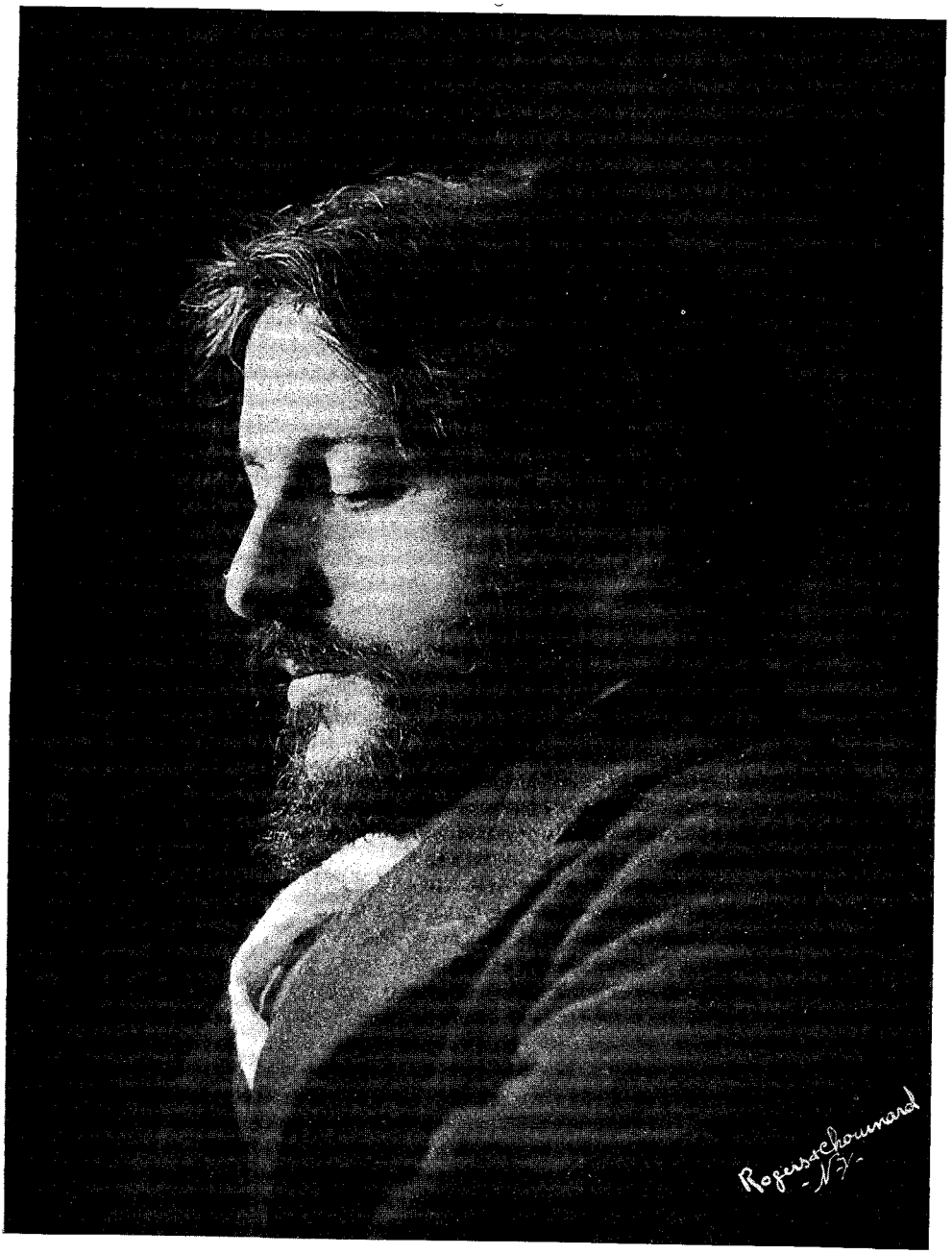

RICHARD HOVEY.

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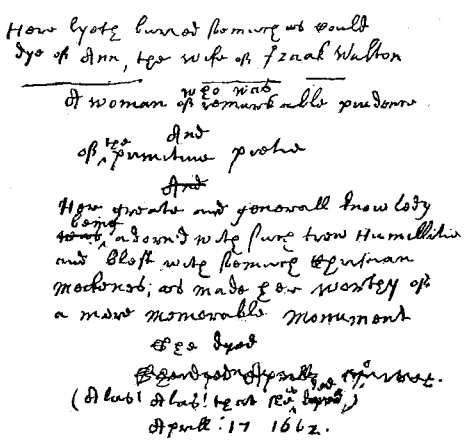

Here lyeth buried soe much as could
dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton,
who was
A woman of remarkable prudence,
and
of the primitive pietie,
Her greate and generall knowledg
being adorn'd with such trew humillitie,
and blest with soe much Christian
meckeness, as made her worthy of
a more memorable monument.
She dyed
(Alas! Alas! that she is ded)
Aprill 17: 1662.

that almost every educated Englishman and American has read as far as the chapter which deals with the adventures of the knight of La Mancha in the inn which he took to be a castle, but that very few have ever gone much beyond; we will not believe that any weak modern equivalent has in the boyish heart taken the place of *Robinson Crusoe;* and we are certain that so long as bait and fishing tackle exist the cult of Izaak Walton will last.

In connection with Walton, our attention is called to a very quaint little edition of *The Compleat Angler* which has recently come from the Oxford University Press. This book is two inches in height by one and three-quarter inches in breadth, and with a thickness of three-eighths of an inch contains over six hundred pages. There have been, of course, a great many smaller books, but we recollect none of similar size which can so conveniently and comfortably be read with the naked eye. We herewith reproduce a fac-simile of the fly-leaf in Walton's prayer-book, which contains the epitaph which he wrote for his second wife. This fac-simile was recently issued by the trustees of the British Museum.

The epitaph should be read as follows:

In view of the admirable *Life of John Donne,* which was recently published from the pen of Edmund Gosse, Izaak Walton's admirable eulogy of the Dean of St. Paul's must not be forgotten. In the introduction of his book Mr. Gosse conceded that this eulogy must be the basis of any literature dealing with Donne; and further said that if it is lacking as a "compendium of dry consecutive facts," it is, as a general impression, as faithful as it is beautiful, in the words of an unpublished poem by Andrew Lang, which Mr. Gosse quotes.

Old Izaak's phrase
That glows with energy of praise
Old Izaak's ambling un-pretence
That flames with untaught eloquence.

JOHN DONNE.

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JOHN RUSKIN

Last of the Seers, and rarest, and most gracious,
Are the eyes dim that saw so subtly true?
Or is their vision vaster and most spacious,
Piercing to truths and beauties strange and new?
Master of speech, doth silence now surround thee,
Are the lips mute that spoke so full and clear?
Or have the suave-voiced Sages, greeting, crowned thee
Their laurelled peer?

Who shall declare? This know we, and this only,
His vibrant voice we shall not hear again
Soaring like mighty music, sad and lonely,
High o'er our vulgar broils and babblings vain—
Silent in pulseless peace the poet slumbers
Who spoke such lovely things as few have sung,
And taught to move, in amplest, loftiest numbers,
Our English tongue.

Beauty's high priest, he saw his Goddess lurking
Where common eyes passed ignorantly by;
He traced her touch in Nature's tiniest working,
In Art proclaimed her sole supremacy;
In Life he longed to see her worship regnant,
Thoughts fair and free and manners fine and fit;
He plead her cause in paradoxes pregnant
And exquisite.

Mourn by his bier whate'er earth holds of fairest—
Birds of the air—he loved your burnished wings,
Flowers of the field, the humblest and the rarest,
Shells of the sea—he read your murmurings;
Streams, lakes, and moorlands, Down, and Fell, and Grampian,
"The Springs of Wandle" and "The Banks of Tay,"
Mourn, for your faithful friend and fearless champion
Hath passed away.

Weep, Venice, for your lost, your life-long lover,
From Chioggia to Torcello's lone lagoon—
Let clouds your radiant Alpine rampart cover
And mists of mourning veil your jewelled noon.
What brightest lustre of the name Venetian
Hath not his magic made more lustrous yet?
Answer, Carpaccio, Giambellini, Titian
And Tintoret!

Last of the Seers, thy doctrine and thy presage
Were too austere to fascinate the throng;
Our wiser sons shall read and say, "His message
Was beautifully right and nobly wrong."
On rushing wings the Future comes to meet thee,
Till—who can say?—in larger, calmer years,
A lovelier England may make haste to greet thee
First of her Seers.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

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THE POLITICIAN AS LITERARY MATERIAL

Very recently a breezy Western statesman gave out unsolicited the interesting information that he had decided to write a novel. When asked if he had in mind any definite theme, he replied that he guessed that the book would treat of political life. Thereupon the newspaper paragrapher waxed exceedingly merry at his expense and the daily reader snickered and mentally added the statesman in question to the already long list of jokes which arise out of the political incongruities of the West—the Boy Orators and the Sockless ones. We wish stoutly to maintain our possession of a sense of the humorous and our appreciation of the little ironies of life. We acknowledge that we are not building any high hopes in regard to this promised literary effort, and will cheerfully leave to the press of Xenia, Ohio, Joliet, Illinois, and Mapleton, North Dakota, the task of heralding it as the Great American novel; but beyond this we must profess ourselves totally unable to appreciate the humour which is provoked by the mere suggestions of politics as a theme for literary treatment; also the whole incident is so very significant. The manner in which the machinery of politics has been ignored in the attempts of fiction to portray American life as it is, is certainly one of the most curious anomalies of our national literature.

To measure with any degree of accuracy the reasons for this neglect of a subject which, above all others, would seem to be vitally linked with the very fibres of American life, one can get nothing very convincing from merely looking at the conditions which prevail to-day; one must go back and look into the literary tastes which prevailed during the first half of the century and the years which immediately preceded and immediately followed the War of Secession. If we except a few of the great names—Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, Cooper and their peers—one may say without being in the least unpatriotic that the general tendency of our literature was to be decried rather than applauded. The school of which N. P. Willis in his day was so striking a type was one which threatened seriously to retard the scheme of evolution which one may say now with considerable confidence will ultimately give us a great national literature. The fiction which was so popular a quarter of a century ago was utterly bad in that it preached false ideals and a certain false gentility. It was written in response to a demand; on the other hand, it did a great deal toward fostering this demand and fettering alike the writer and the reader.

Probably there is no book which better represents this type than Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson's *St. Elmo*. Its hero was certainly the prize stock hero of his time, the real and indisputable ancestor of the Richard Harding Davis hero when that writer is at his worst. Taken apart, St. Elmo Murray was rather a flabby sort of poor creature, but when standing in full make-up under the glare of the limelight he was a positive triumph of sardonic *insouciance*. What dreadful oaths he swore and how amazingly genteelly he swore them! What a tremendous amount of rag-bag information the fellow had at his fingers' ends! The most commonplace remark apropos of the most trivial incident of every-day life, and, presto, he was off, scampering through Egyptian mythology, playing ducks and drakes with the legends of the Scandinavian Eddas, bawling his Promethean "Ai!" over very un-Promethean woes. It is doubtful whether there was very much harm in the acceptance by the millions of readers of the high-school type of this twaddle as real scholarship. Very likely there were some who were in a measure benefited and refined by reading all this ill-digested information. Only, the whole thing served to obscure for a time from American writers and the American reading public the real field of literary labour.

To point out how distinctively characteristic of American literature alone is the neglect of the politician as literary material, it is not necessary pedantically to go back to the comedies of Aristophanes; one need only look to French and English fiction in the present century. Take the names which come most readily to the mind—Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton and Balzac and Victor Hugo. Eliminate from the *Comédie Humaine* the politician and the business and chican-

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ery of politics, and how inadequate and incomplete the whole structure would seem! Take from *Little Dorrit* the Tite-Barnacles, or from *Oliver Twist* Police Justice Fang, or from *The Pickwick Papers* the election scenes, and Dickens would not be what he is. What lover of Thackeray would be content to give up the contest between Sir Barnes Newcome and his uncle, and the figure of the sturdy old colonel brandishing his stick and crying for "fair play" before the hostelry of the King's Arms?

A book was recently published which bears forcibly on the subject of the present article. It is called *Thirty Years in New York Politics,* and was written by Matthew P. Breen, a former member of the legislature. It is from a literary standpoint in many respects disappointing. The reader will find in it neither style nor form. It cannot boast even good type or good paper or good binding; and yet it is a book which if once taken up by the New Yorker who has any interest in his city and its complex history should be read from cover to cover. That the author realised to the slightest degree the remarkable dramatic material contained in these pages is very much to be doubted. And yet this story of the men and events connected with the political administration of New York City since the close of the War of Secession contains dramatic elements for a series of novels which, one may say without the slightest exaggeration, might be made to surpass anything which Balzac gave us in his *Scenes from Political Life.* Where is the romancer who would dare to build out of sheer imagination anything to compare with the tremendous complications of the Tweed ring, the trials of the arch boss and his escape, his concealment in the woods near Weehawken, his flight to Spain and his final capture. Take as the basis for fiction a few of the characters which figure in these pages—John Morrissey, Harry Genet, Oakey Hall, Peter B. Sweeny, "Slippery Dick" Connolly, the Judges Barnard and Cardozo. What romance of human invention could be more complete than that of which the greater part was played out in the house in West Twenty-third Street, where Josephine Mansfield received Fisk and Stokes? And yet of the books which have in recent years enjoyed wide popularity, we can recall but one, Mr. Ford's *The Honourable Peter Stirling,* which has made use of this side of American life. By virtue of this alone, *The Honourable Peter Stirling,* which, judged purely as a literary production, is mediocre, which is very long-winded, which is in parts rather vapid and meaningless, rises to the dignity of being almost a great novel.

It is related of ex-Mayor Gilroy that he read *Peter Stirling* during an ocean voyage from England to this country, and that after his arrival, when seated among his friends one evening, he took up the book and pointed with his finger to the different parts which treated of politics, emphasising the gesture with the forcible and eloquent words, "Isn't it all damn so?" Than this Mr. Ford could ask no higher praise. Another very typical case is that of a former New Jersey county clerk, who confesses that during the last three or four years he has been reading *The Honourable Peter Stirling* through on an average of once every three months. He has been a lifelong politician. The primary is his workshop. The devices, the trickeries, the stratagems of politics, are to him the tarts of the pastry cook, only in this case they have in nowise lost their crispness and flavour. He is not a bookish man, and lighter fiction does not appeal to him. A man on the high road to fifty cannot forever be snivelling over the woes of Rudolph and the lamentations of Regina; he is one of a class seriously to be reckoned with; and to one who has a sturdy belief in the future of American literature his simple but eloquent preference for a book which commands attention only as striking into a very vital phase of life which has hitherto been deemed beneath literary treatment is infinitely more significant than the applause of high-school sentimentalists or the cackling of the "Culture Clubs."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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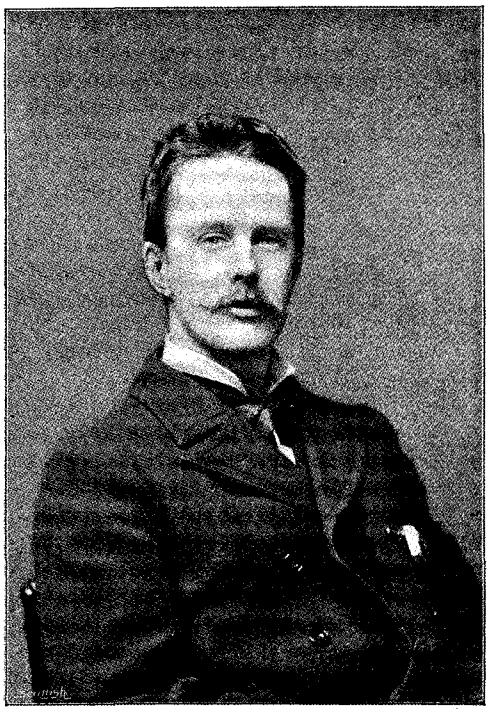
NEIL MUNRO

A few years ago I happened to read a story in *Blackwood's* which impressed me at the time as having been written by one who had the unmistakable touch of genius. I do not remember the title now, but it was soon followed by others from the same hand, and the next thing I heard was that they had been published in book form, and that such authoritative



NEIL MUNRO.

critics as Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Andrew Lang were prophesying great things of the author. The book was *The Lost Pibroch and Other Sheiling Stories,* and the author was Mr. Neil Munro. "In *The Lost Pibroch,*" Mr. Lang wrote, "we meet genius as obvious and undeniable as that of Mr. Kipling. Mr. Munro's powers are directed to old Highland life, and he does what genius alone can do—he makes it live again and makes our imagination share its life—his knowledge being copious, original, at first hand." With his second book, *John Splendid,* which ran serially in this magazine, Mr. Munro essayed a more ambitious achievement in the long prose narrative of fiction; and a notable achievement it was, although it remained for his third book, *Gilian the Dreamer,* recently published, to fix his literary reputation as a novelist of original imagination and rare distinction. *Gilian the Dreamer* goes far to confirm the assurance of his early admirers that the author will take a high and permanent place in the literature of Scottish romance. No living writer has shown a clearer claim to the succession of Scott and Stevenson.

Mr. Munro is a Highlander of the Highlanders, and was born thirty-five years ago in the quaint old burgh of Inverary, the Inneraora of the novels. A few of the Munros who had fared forth from Rosshire to fight with Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War returned to Scotland and planted their homes in Inverary. Here they have flourished for nearly two centuries, until the Munros, and not the Campbells, are the majority in the capital of the latter. On the maternal side his Highland roots go still deeper into history, for his mother was a MacArthur, and the MacArthurs owned land on the sides of Loch Arve in Argyllshire for over four hundred years. Lying between Loch Arve and Inverary is the farm of Ladyfield, which in the days of the Paymaster (the first title chosen for *Gilian* was *The Paymaster's Boy*) was held for him by the novelist's maternal grandfather and grandmother, who was once "the handsomest woman in the room at the wedding in Kames." In his cordial reception of me when I visited him a few weeks ago, Mr. Munro playfully apologised for meeting me in the base breeks (trousers) of the Lowlander, and not, as the occasion demanded, in the kilt of Clan Artair—the Clan Artair or MacArthur being the family tartan.

Listening to the story of Mr. Munro's early life, you perceive that many personal recollections have entered into the making of young Gilian's boyhood. Like Gilian, he learned less in the parish school than he did from the books which he borrowed from Marget Maclean. The shop itself has changed hands, since in his boyhood it used to be a combined

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post-office and circulating library, as described in the novel. Like Gilian, too, his creator had a passion for reading, and read everything he could get hold of, and his choice at the library was largely governed by Miss Maclean, whose rule was supreme. And ever he wandered about the country, roving the woods, fishing and swimming and engaging in boyish adventures which fired his fervid imagination and quickened his sight to the beauties of nature in the hills and streams and valleys of the land of brown heath and shaggy wood.

When schooldays were over he entered a lawyer's office in Inverary, and at the age of seventeen he began to write poems and essays for the local newspapers. Law, however, had no charms for him, and at twenty-one he went to Glasgow and made a happier choice of journalism instead. Journalism to him, however, has been but the readiest road to the gratification of literary aspirations, and he found time amidst the pressure of newspaper work to nurse his inclination toward literature, which at length saw fruition in the publication of his first story, "The Secret of the Heather Ale," in the *Speaker.* Then followed quickly another story which was published in the *National Observer,* and Mr. Henley, at that time the editor, wrote Mr. Munro a very gratifying and encouraging letter. Another story was forwarded to *Blackwood's,* which marked an important date in his career. This story was returned by Mr. Blackwood, but with an accompanying letter of discriminating criticism and an invitation to submit more of his work. When Mr. Blackwood received the second story, he accepted it at once and wrote to Mr. Munro: "Can you make a book of such stories? If so, send them and I will publish them." *The Lost Pibroch,* Mr. Munro's first book, was the result. Shortly afterward he resigned his position on the Glasgow *Evening News,* although he continues to be a regular contributor to its columns, and devoted more time to the literary pursuit on which he was now fully bent. In 1898 his *John Splendid* appeared as a serial in *Blackwood's* and in THE BOOKMAN, and last year *Gilian the Dreamer* ran in the pages of *Good Words* and the *Churchman.* About three years ago he removed from the murky city with his family to a snug, old-fashioned house in the open country some six miles southward.

Mr. Munro's work has aroused the liveliest interest in every quarter of the globe wherever a Highlander might chance to be. When *Gilian the Dreamer* was appearing from month to month in *Good Words* he received a number of letters from persons who were contemporaries of the men and women referred to in the story, saying that they could not help telling him that he had succeeded wonderfully in drawing characters that he had never actually met. Some of his correspondents seemed surprised when they read about certain fictitious incidents which he had associated with these personages. "I remember in particular," he says, "one letter I received from a contemporary of Miss Mary, who protested in all seriousness that something or other which I had mentioned about her could not be possible." Miss Mary, as well as her brothers, actually existed, but the heroine, Nan Turner, is purely an imaginary character. On a tombstone in the graveyard at Inverary you may still read: "To the memory of Captain John Campbell, Paymaster of the 46th Foot, died 17th April, 1859, and his brothers, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, C.B., who commanded the Royal Scots at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria and Waterloo, died at Inverary, 5th February, 1833; Major-General Dugald Campbell, of the 46th Foot, and subsequently of the 3d West Indian Regiment, who died in 1824." Another is erected to the memory of "Major-General Charles Turner, C.B., son of Donald Turner, late portioner in Drimlee, Governor of Sierra Leone, died there in 1826, aged 52 years." And yet another stone bears a name that will be recognised by the readers of *Gilian:* "William Spencer, citizen of London." Maam House stands as in the novel, "hemmed in by gaunt hills," and the *Jean,* too, is the Inverary smack *Mary Jean.*

Mr. Munro is still, as in his boyhood, a great lover of books; and since those early days when he contracted the passion he has won the warm friendship of many of the authors. His literary work is done when the mood is on him, but journalism helps to fill up the idle hours. "I find that journalism is a very whole-

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some thing," he says, "a fine tonic for a man who is writing literature. It prevents him from becoming morbid through being too much in the company of his own imagination." About his future work he is rather reticent, more from an innate modesty than from unwillingness to speak about it. He has two novels in view, one of them still lingering about Inverary. In his den there hangs a photograph of Dunderave Castle, a ruined fortress of the Macnaughtons, which stands in the Loch Fyne country. Around this old tower Mr. Munro is weaving a romance of the eighteenth century. No one will know the title, although he says he thinks he has got a good one for it, until the story is finished; for Mr. Munro, it must be remembered, is a Highlander. Yet superstition in this case is more a whim with him, for he is a member of the Glasgow Thirteen Club. He is also a member of the Ballad Club and the Art Club of Glasgow.

Mr. Munro wisely prefers the seclusion of the country to the excitement of the town. Notwithstanding frequent offers from London—"a dreadful place," he says, "I see sometimes in nightmares"—nothing will tempt him thither. "There is only one place in the world worth living in, and that is the west of Scotland, which statement I am prepared to prove with sword, dirk or pistol!"

James MacArthur.

CHARM

Charm, like the fragrance of some wondrous wine,
All may enjoy yet none can quite define.
Not Wit, not Grace, not Beauty so enthrall—
Blended of these, yet greater than them all.

For Grace and Beauty ravish but the eyes;
Wit stirs the mind and then its newness dies;
But Charm, unique, a rare and radiant whole,
Witches alike the senses and the soul.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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RICHARD HOVEY'S "TALIESIN"—A POETS' POEM

*Taliesin** is a poets' poem; or, to take Mr. Hovey's own phrase, a Masque of Art. As a part of his "poem in dramas" on the Launcelot-Guenevere story, it introduces the second trilogy as the *Quest of Merlin* introduced the first; and prefigures the Quest of the Graal, which is to be the subject of the following play, as the *Quest of Merlin* foreshadowed the *Marriage of Guenevere*. Yet in a way it stands alone, not only independent of the other dramas of the series, but apart from them, a symbolic Masque, a poem of poetry; it is also a presentation of life, but of life chiefly in relation to art and the artist. Perhaps for these reasons it may not make so broad an appeal as Mr. Hovey's other dramas, which present life more simply and directly. Yet it is in many ways his highest poetic achievement. Let me define more exactly, and not shun superlatives where they are needed as the only means of defining a unique work. It is the greatest study in rhythms that we have in English. It is the greatest poetic study that we have of the artist's relation to life, and of his development. And it is a significant study of life itself in its highest aspirations.

Three such statements as these about a new poem demand justification, which can be given only by presenting directly something of the poem itself. And the three elements are so inwoven into each part of the poem, and so interwoven with each other, that they must be presented simultaneously, in their development through the three Acts—or "Movements"—of the Masque. At the beginning of the first Movement, Percival, who has set out on the Quest of the Graal, but knows not what path to take, meets in the enchanted forest of Broceliande with Taliesin, the poet, on his way to Arthur's court. Taliesin seeks counsel and teaching from Merlin, poet of the druid years and prophet of half-forgotten Nature-gods, who lies enchanted by sleep, under the spells of Nimue, in the dim dream-forest. The voices of sleep would overcome Taliesin also, but at last he takes his harp and subdues them by his song—imaging into vivid expression, in a lyric form of peculiar beauty, the fundamental thought of this first part of the Masque. It is the thought of the poet's instinctive relation to life and to his art; the thought that he must neither deny his temperament or his dreams or his inspiration, nor yet be possessed by them, but must possess and rule and shape and use them:

> Yet still to you,
> O dreams, I turn;
> Not with a prayer
> But a bidding to do!
> I surmount and subdue you;
> Not without you but through you
> I shall forge and fare
> To the chosen bourne.

And, yet more, it is the thought of all our life in its relation to the universe, and of our lives in their relations to each other, through that dim under-world of instinct from which we are sprung, in which all love, all friendship, all knowledge, still take their rise and on which they still depend, even as the relations of star to star depend on the deep and vasty dark of ether through which their pulsing fires vibrate each to each:

> O vast of Sleep
> Wherein we grew!
> Whence wrench by wrench
> Self heaved its steep!
> The bond abides;
> Your mighty tides
> Still clasp and clench
> The soul to you.
>
> In your darks indwelling
> The lonely Mind
> Regains its deeps. . . .
>
> For save in you
> (Strange under-life!)
> We can but trust
> If the world be true,
> Or if our vision
> Be but derision,
> The smoke and dust
> Of a phantom strife.
>
> Oh, then, to gain
> The eternal streams!
> Nor fail as flakes

*Taliesin: A Masque. By Richard Hovey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.00.

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In the gulfing main!
No lordship losing,
To fare on, fusing
The self that wakes
And the self that dreams!

By the compulsion of Taliesin's will and of his song Merlin appears, and with him Nimue. Taliesin first asks guidance for his companion Percival in the Quest:

Give answer first to him that comes with me
Who seeks to rule his deeds; then to my cry,
Who am the horn blown on his battlefield.

And Merlin answers, with a suggestion of the true relation of art to action:

The horn blown is a deed.

Percival is directed on his way, and Taliesin remains to seek knowledge from the spirits of sleep, from Merlin his master, and from Nimue, the Spirit of the Wood, the goddess of beauty and enchantment, the Nature-spirit of this new-old Arthurian story—whom most of us, unfortunately, know only in a conventionalised copy called Vivien. Yet, though Taliesin's knowledge begins from Merlin, he is to become a greater than Merlin, who only points the way which himself he has not taken:

Thou shalt not be as I. I am
As I desired, but thy desire shall be
Other, and thou shalt go from hence to win
From brighter powers intenser wakefulness,
While I sink back to deeper sleep. . . .

Merlin is like the old Celtic art and its creations, or like the old Northern mythology and its imaginations, of *instinct* all compact, and in instinct confined; while Taliesin is to become like our modern art with its additions of clear intelligence to instinct and its achievements through the intelligence. And the intelligence, in the realm of art, is of course classic and Southern, as the instinct is Celtic and Northern. It is, to take the perfect type, Greece and Greek art.

So the second Movement of the Masque is to represent the training of the artist and the poet, Taliesin, by the gods of Greece and the Muses. But he must not leave the maze of the dream-forest till he has seen and known and possessed its indwelling spirit, Nimue, the Nature-goddess, the goddess of his instinctive life and his passionate desire, and won her to himself for his companion even in the higher journeys. Not refusing like the Puritan knight Percival, nor yielding like the dream-bound poet Merlin, he puts forth the power of his song and his will to master and make her his own. And this is the first consecration of the poet, the consecration of his youth to Nature's beauty, to merely physical beauty even, and to the instinctive call of art and aspiration. But instead of being possessed by them as the lower man would be, or of refusing and denying them as the narrower man would do, he through the power of his art-instinct and the strength of his man's will takes possession of them.

The second Movement, then, represents the development of poetry—symbolised in the child of Nimue and Taliesin—and the training of the poet, Taliesin himself. Let me not give a false impression by insisting too much on this symbolism, however. Nimue is much more than a symbol of Nature and instinct and beauty—she is Nimue, and her beauty is incarnate. She is glowingly alive, as the Helena of the second part of Faust (at once her prototype and opposite, the representative of clear-seen Greek beauty as she of mystic Northern beauty) hardly is. So the child, this new Euphorion, half-brother or cousin germane of the other, is a very live child. Like the child-gods of Greek story, Hermes and Apollo—who are to be his patrons—he grows to youth and strength in a single day. Yet his childhood lasts almost too long:

Bells in the blue sky,
Birds sing in June;
I am a stickleback,—
Tickle me with tune;

and much more of the same are happy examples of the Mother Goose stage of art; but a little of this is enough. Fortunately, Taliesin climbs, carrying the child, up toward the higher levels of Helicon. On the way the Graces meet them, and cover the half-grown child with a profusion of ornaments. And presently the summit of Helicon is reached.

There the Muses are moving through a stately dance which might be the choric interlude of a Greek tragedy or, still

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better, the accompaniment of some dithyrambic hymn to Apollo. And the hymn which they sing, in the beautiful and rare form of Greek Ionics, embodies the fundamental thought of the second Movement of this Masque of Art. Just as the central lyric of the first Movement shadowed forth the dependence of everything, and especially of all expression, on the things deeper than expression, the dependence of light upon the dark between the stars, so we have here the complementary thought of the necessity of expression, as the condition of any real being; and of its power in shaping that being; the thought that as all *is* dark in the void spaces between the stars, and the vibrations of ether break into light only on touching the atmopshere of a world and making it to vibrate, so the spirit finds true being only through the flesh, the man through the act, the thought through the word.

To the Muses Taliesin comes, and lays his offerings on their altar—the sandals and the harp, and finally the child with them:

> Last of all, I give
> The song, the rapture of my heart, the love,
> The lyric joy, the child that made me glad. . . .
> O splendours of the eternal, hear my prayer!
> Teach me the knowledge of your ways, till what
> I feel in all my veins, I may declare
> In all my voices; what I know at heart,
> In speech incarnate. . . .
> . . . Teach me, then,
> To fashion worlds in little, making form,
> As God does, one with spirit,—be the priest
> Who makes God into bread to feed the world.

This is the second consecration of the artist, in his young manhood; the consecration of all the powers of his mind, to the expression of the highest truth and beauty that his thought may conceive.

The Muses teach him, one after another, the means of expression over which each presides. And while they lead the child—left by Taliesin on their altar, and now grown a youth, from whom the superfluity of ornaments has fallen away—through the mazes of another choric dance, Nimue reappears, and with her the gods of song—Hermes, god of the tricks of art and its deceptions, Apollo, god of its truths and illuminations. Each gives fit gifts to the youth, who, singing, leaps downward to the world. But Taliesin still kneels before Apollo; possessed now of all the means of expression that the Muses have taught him, he is still waiting on Apollo, the breath of life and of inspiration that shall breathe through them and quicken them, waiting . . .

> As hangs a white ship under a tropic moon
> Between a windless sky and a waveless sea,
> Dream-still, with all sail set, till softly
> Over the waters a wind arises. . . .

And this is Apollo's command and promise to his poet:

> Greaten thyself to the end, I am he for whose breath thou art greatened;
> Perfect thy speech to a god's, I am he for whom speech is made perfect;
> And my voice in the hush of thy heart is the voice of the tides of the worlds.
> Thou shalt know it is I when I speak, as the foot knows the rock that it treads on,
> As the sea knows the moon, as the sap knows the place of the sun in the heavens,
> As the cloud knows the cloud it must meet and embrace with caresses of lightning.
> When thou hearest my voice, thou art one with the hurl of the stars through the void,
> One with the shout of the sea and the stampede of droves of the wind,
> One with the coursers of time and the grip of God's hand on their harness;
> And the powers of the night and the grave shall avail not to stand in thy path.

Then, in beautiful Alcaïcs, the Muses celebrate the completion of the artist's self-conscious training in expression, and of the training of the mind of man in its conscious knowledge of the world; a training now completed to the point where all the artist's means of expression are so known and possessed that he may let them sink out of his consciousness and yet lose none of their power, but only use them the better, and where the mind, without losing any command of knowledge, may trust itself again to its dependence on the things deeper than knowledge; where, in fine, that fusion "of the self that wakes and the self that dreams" may be carried on and on,

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Till eye again grow dim with diviner sight,
Till lips forget all craft in the lyric rush,
Till knowledge be made one with being,
Deep where the dark of the soul debates not.

For he, with lips made swift for the song to pass,
Shall be aware no longer of lips that sing;
Use shall have made speech leap unbidden,
Sure as a horse when he knows his rider.

So day, that makes earth clear to its tiniest,
But darkens heaven's orbed deeps and immensities;
Marks notes and blots out spheres—till night comes,
Night with the stars and their revelations.

Thus the training of the artist is complete. . . . His training, but not his development. Hellenism is not all, nor the consecrated intelligence. There is yet Hebraism and the inspired intuition. Art and knowledge come from Greece, but all the religions of the world are sprung from Asia. Insight belongs to the East, and vision to the Orient.

The Graal, brought from the East, and typifying as in all story the highest things that man can conceive and strive toward, is guarded by King Evelac, and worshipped unseen in a chapel of alabaster. Here Percival and Taliesin come in their long Quest. Percival, in the self-justification of his own conscious purity, hopes and almost demands as his right the achievement of the Graal. But no!—though the doors of the altar-chapel are opened and the splendour of the Graal fills the place, yet the seven angels stand before the altar hiding it, and Percival may not approach their glory. Though Taliesin pleads for him, this is Uriel's answer:

Let him go back among his fellow-men and learn to love and learn to give,
Forgetting the white beauty of his soul in the desire that all that live
Should beacon into beauty. . . .

And it is to Taliesin, who asked not for himself, but for the other, that the vision is granted: the vision not of the Graal itself, but of its image reflected in the sphere of diamond which Uriel holds above his head, bidding Taliesin kneel even at his feet and look upward:

Draw nearer, thou! For unto thee shall be declared the word of him that is.
Less perfect in the circle of thy powers than he thou pleadest for in his,
Thou hast a sense he lacks, a sense still clouded over with impurities
But dim-discerning the eidolons that arise from that which is not seen. . . .
. . . Deem not the grace is thine
Of thine own merit. Much is given unto thee, that much by thee be given.
Thou art the eye for him thou comest with, that he may know the joy divine;
Thou art an eye for all thy kind, to lead them to the open gates of heaven. . . .

This is the central thought of the third Movement: the need of the spiritual sense, without which all else is incomplete. And this is the third consecration of the poet, him to whom it is given to see the vision of the things of the soul; it is the consecration of his soul, to be not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; it is his consecration to the expression, for mankind, of his vision of the highest things.

While the angels chant the hymn of consecration, in a wondrous metre of flowing and aspiring liquid tone, Taliesin responds with the hymn of supreme worship, in a rhythm and spirit and speech that are the rhythm and spirit and speech of the Psalms. Then he seizes his harp and intones the Pæan of joy to the world.

These last scenes (like all higher poetry of worship or aspiration) are not to be represented by quotation, nor even to be fully appreciated in the reading unless one intone them aloud. Let the imagination gather around them all the dignity and beauty and reverence of religious ceremonial itself, and then only will they have the setting which they deserve. We are not used to having poetry written which makes such high demands; but nevertheless let us also as readers be not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

Such is the beauty of thought and suggestion in *Taliesin*, developed through the perfect construction of the poem as a whole. Now a word must be said of its beauty in detail, especially on the side

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of poetic technique. Of its many different rhythms, the most interesting technically are perhaps the classical metres of the second Movement. The choral song of the Muses is written in Ionics *a minore,* a form which so far as I know has not been used elsewhere in English, and which the nature of the English language would seem to render impossible; yet it is successfully used here; and if sometimes it seems to fall into choriambics, that is a trick which the Greek Ionics also have. It is in this rare and difficult form that Mr. Hovey has expressed, clearly, simply and appropriately, the central thought of the second Movement. One of the most beautiful metres used in the Masque is the Alcaïcs of the second Act, which are of the real Greek type, without the heavinesses and regularity of cæsura which Horace introduced. They have no equal in English, except in a single stanza of Tennyson's *Milton.* Mr. Hovey has given us also, in his *Quest of Merlin,* some beautiful Sapphics of the true Greek type. In *Taliesin* one must also notice the songs of the Graces, one written in Anacreon's favourite Glyconics, and the other in the hemiambics of the pseudo-Anacreon. Yet all these metres are not to be compared, for power and for the higher beauty, with those of the third Movement of the Masque, most of which are new creations —such as the chant of the angels or the free psalm-rhythm of Taliesin, or many lyric measures which I have not found space to quote from or even to speak of, and which thrill with the glory of the spontaneous rush of song. Uriel speaks in nine-accent iambics, the longest iambic metre possible in English, and correspondingly great in sweep and power. Its fitness for the first of the archangels is self-evident. And so with all the metres of the poem. They are chosen each for its definite purpose. The five-accent iambics (common "blank verse") of Taliesin constantly interchange with the five-accent anapæsts of Nimue, and these with the lyric measures of both. Similarly the six-accent iambics of the Muses interchange with the six-accent anapæsts of Apollo, and both with lyric forms. At every moment the metre adapts itself to the speaker and the thing spoken. In no other poem of such length, I think, has such constant change and adaptation been attempted. Usually, in a long poem, our metrical consciousness requires some fundamental rhythm to rest in, and the variety of effects must be obtained by variation in the use of the chosen metre. And usually all needed variety can be thus obtained, even for the longest poem. But *Taliesin* differs from the usual long poem, not only by the combination and frequent interchange of speech and chant and song, but still more by the scope of its contrasts and the range of its developments. The unity of *Taliesin* is a unity of developments. And these developments sweep through many different planes. This seems to justify the constant change of rhythm which in so long a poem would ordinarily be disconcerting and fatiguing. In any case the final judgment on a new attempt is its success. Achievements answer arguments. And the different metres of *Taliesin,* from the one-rhyme quatrains of the child to the Alcaïcs of the Muses and the chant of the angels, from the familiar blank verse of common dramatic speech to the nine-accent iambics of Uriel's speeches, do succeed in carrying us from plane to plane easily and without shock, as nothing else could. All of the more than thirty different rhythms are used with ease and mastery. Indeed, the only reserve that could be made in speaking of Mr. Hovey's rhythms would be that he goes too far beyond us, with too easy and familiar mastership! He is inclined to treat his less familiar rhythms with a freedom of variations which we are accustomed to only in blank verse and ballad metre. And even in attacking a rhythm entirely new he sometimes does not announce his rhythmic theme clearly, but begins at once his variations on it. This does not appeal to the torpid sense that can be roused only by regular rhythmic beating, and it is disconcerting to the over-educated sense that desires to scan all its impressions. Grant, then, that some of these metres, going beyond anything yet attempted in English, demand a rhythmic intelligence at once vividly awake and completely plastic. It is asking a good deal! But in a poem like *Taliesin* the poet surely has a right to ask and obtain it. And still more surely, no praise is too high for a poet who, having so much to say, finds with such care and sureness the rhythmic ex-

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pression that shall be exactly fitted to the thought, and who in doing so has added new beauties and powers to English rhythmic speech.

One other word must be said on the construction and relation of the parts of the poem. Each act is built up in climax, with a success that goes beyond any of the other merely technical successes of the poem, because greater in scope. Still more important, however, is the relation of the three acts to each other and their growth one into another. I have tried to suggest this already by speaking successively of the fundamental thought on life and the relation of art to life in each act, and of the three consecrations of the poet; and by calling the first act Celtic, or, more broadly, Northern, the second Greek or Southern, the third Hebraic or Eastern—and these, perhaps we may add to complete the compass, are the three elements that together make our American or Western life of to-day. Summing up now still more broadly, we may call the first act Nature, the second Art, the third Religion. Or, to come back to the individual side, the first act is the poet as lover, the second is the poet as artist, the third is the poet as seer.

The suggestiveness of it is boundless. Here is material for such books as have been written on the second part of *Faust* or *Wilhelm Meister!* Here is a subject of study for the supposedly typical Browning Club! Yet, in spite of these rather unpromising recommendations, the poem is alive, and is beautiful—things which are of course more important than any philosophical or æsthetic or ethical significance (this is merest commonplace!) but which should necessarily include those significances (and this is unfortunately not quite so commonplace). By its union of perfect form with insight, of rounded completeness with unbounded suggestiveness, *Taliesin* is (let us say once more without fear of superlatives, for they are not so "dangerous" when properly defined) the most important poetic study of art, and of life as related to the artist that we possess. On the side of suggestiveness, in its subject, I think of nothing to compare with it except the parts of Goethe's work just mentioned, or the *Sordello* of Browning; and we know what jumbled failures these are from the point of view of form, while, on the other hand, we need not consider the things that might be mentioned to compare with it for perfection of form, since their lack of real suggestiveness leaves little to consider in them at all.

There are many poems of other and perhaps higher classes with which *Taliesin* does not come into comparison; such, for instance, as those which present life directly, which create life purely for its own sake, from the *Iliad* to the *Ring and the Book,* and from *Œdipus the King* to Shelley's *Cenci*—or, we may well say, for the purposes of this contrast, to Mr. Hovey's own dramas. But in its class—the class of those poems which through the high and beautiful presentation of life itself, suggest, not allegorically but symbolically, the development of art and the artist, and their relation to life—in this class, it is the greatest poem we have.

Richard Hovey died on February 24. Let no word that had been written be changed, for he, like Browning, would have us treat him, "there, as here." . . .

And let no word be added but his own:

Prone
Before the awful night of thine unknown,
Tides that set blind from zone of space to zone,
We lift ourselves in glowing peaks to throne
The Dawn eternal where thy Face is shown,
Known, known!

Dim of Time!
Within the waters, lo, the lights that rhyme
The timeless splendours of the heights sublime!
Calmer and calmer till the under-grime
Dies in the vision of the holier clime
Above thy billows, Time.

Near! near! near! near! near!
Until beneath the film of sheen, O seer,
Thine eyes behold the incarnation clear,
The skies within the dewdrop of the sphere,
Gleams of the heavens on heavens that appear,
Sheer! . . .

Oh, Heart of the Silences!
Cheek nestling close to my cheek!
Breathing in the dark!
Cooing of doves in my soul!
Whisper of death in the cool!

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Thy coming is like a pool of still water;
The leaves of the poplars are not stirred.
Thy coming is like a meadow at sunset;
The haystacks cast no shadows;
A spell has arrested the world.

God hath not considered my unworthiness;
And my ill-favour he hath set at naught.
He hath stretched out his arms to me as a lover,
And solicited me from afar.
I am terrified with thy loveliness, O God.

Thy joy is like the joy of the Night!
Night of dim bugles! Night of the horns of dream!
Night of the listening soul! Orchestral Night!
Night of flute-silver rivers and the chanting hills!
Night of the silent music of the moon!

My soul lies in the lull of thy spirit
Like a lote on a lonely lake;
My soul melts like snow in the waters of thy joy;
Thy love is like a white silence;
The joy of death is in my soul.

Curtis Hidden Page.

THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

VII. John Keats.

Poor Keats, whose work has inspired so much of the poetry written since his day, published but three books in his lifetime. The first, *Poems,* published in 1817, was juvenile poetry, much of it,

Poor windfalls of unripe experience,
Young buds plucked hastily by childish hands,
Not patient to await more full-blown flowers.

The second, *Endymion,* published in 1818, was a single long poem, hastily written and printed. These two volumes contained many poems and passages of great beauty, originality and power, but it is upon the third that his claim for deathless fame most firmly rests, the little volume *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems,* published in 1820. Of this it has been said that it contained "perhaps the most precious cargo carried in a vessel of this size in English literature in this century."

There seems to be little evidence that Keats was precocious as a versifier. A certain Mrs. Grafty, of Craven Street, Finsbury, could tell Keats's brother George, when he told her that "John is determined to be a poet," "that this was very odd, because when he could just speak, instead of answering questions put to him, he would always make a rhyme to the last word people said, and then laugh." But, as James Russell Lowell said, "there is always some one willing to make himself a sort of accessory after the fact in any success; always an old woman or two, ready to remember omens of all quantities and qualities in the childhood of persons who have become distinguished." Mrs. Grafty's story is hardly borne out by that of Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of Keats's schoolmaster, who has left the fullest recollections of his schooldays. Clarke does tell us that during his last months at his father's school Keats was always reading, and how one day he, Clarke, read Spenser's *Epithalamion* to him in an arbour in the garden.

That night he took away with him the first volume of the *Faerie Queene,* and he went through it, as I formerly told his noble biographer, "as a young horse would through a spring meadow—ramping!" Like a true poet, too—a poet "born, not manufactured," a poet in grain—he especially singled out epithets, for that felicity and power in which Spenser is so eminent. He hoisted himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said "what an image that is—'sea-shouldering whales!'" It was a treat to see as well as hear him read a pathetic passage.

The earliest known poetical composition of Keats are the lines *Imitation of*

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Spenser, which were written at the end of his eighteenth year—that is, during the autumn of 1813. This is Lord Houghton's statement, made on the authority of Charles Armitage Brown. Keats evidently kept most of his early attempts to himself, as Charles Cowden Clarke, who was his literary confidant in those years, does not seem to have learned of his writing verses for some time after. He says:

I cannot remember the precise time of our separating at this stage of Keats's career, or which of us first went to London; but it was upon an occasion when, walking thither to see Leigh Hunt, who had just fulfilled his penalty of confinement in Horsmonger Lane Prison for the unwise libel upon the Prince Regent, that Keats met me; and, turning, accompanied me back part of the way. At the last field gate, when taking leave, he gave me the sonnet entitled "Written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt Left Prison." This I feel to be the first proof I had received of his having committed himself in verse; and how clearly do I recall the conscious look and hesitation with which he offered it! There are some momentary glances by beloved friends that fade only with life.

This was on the second or third of February, 1815. Keats's first appearance in print was the fine sonnet

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of humankind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

This sonnet was published in Leigh Hunt's paper, the *Examiner,* for May 5, 1816.

In March of the next year, 1817, was published his first volume of verse, with the simple title *Poems, by John Keats,* and a quotation from Spenser. Most of the poems in the volume had been written, undoubtedly, within a few months of their collection, although he says on the dedication page,

The Short Pieces in the middle of the Book, as well as some of the Sonnets, were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems.

Three sonnets only, including the one quoted above, seem to have been previously printed. These all appeared in the *Examiner.* The dedicatory sonnet was extempore, according to the following account by Clarke:

On the evening when the last proof-sheet was brought from the printer it was accompanied by the information that if a "dedication to the book was intended, it must be sent forthwith." Whereupon he withdrew to a side table, and in the buzz of a mixed conversation (for there were several friends in the room) he composed and brought to Charles Ollier, the publisher, the Dedication Sonnet to Leigh Hunt.

The book does not seem to have been a success. He said of it himself: "It was read by some dozen of my friends, who liked it; and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not." That his publishers were much disappointed with it is evident from the following letter, which they wrote to Keats's brother George on April 29, a few weeks only after publication, apparently in answer to a complaint about how slowly the book was selling:

We regret that your brother ever requested us to publish his book, or that our opinion of its talent should have led us to acquiesce in undertaking it. We are, however, much obliged to you for relieving us from the unpleasant necessity of declining any further connection with it, which we must have done, as we think the curiosity is satisfied and the sale has dropped. By far the greater number of persons who have purchased it from us have found fault with it in such plain terms that we have in many cases offered to take the book back rather than be annoyed with the ridicule which has time after time been showered upon it. In fact, it was only on Sunday last that we were under the mortification of having our own opinion of its merits

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flatly contradicted by a gentleman, who told us he considered it "no better than a take-in." These are unpleasant imputations for any one in business to labour under; but we should have borne them and concealed their existence from you had not the style of your note shown us that such delicacy would be quite thrown away. We shall take means without delay for ascertaining the number of copies on hand, and you shall be informed accordingly.

What became of the stock after the Olliers gave it up does not seem to be recorded.

Medwin says that in the spring of 1817 Keats and Shelley had each agreed to write an epic within the space of six months. Shelley's poem, *Laon and Cythera* (the title of which was afterward altered to *The Revolt of Islam*), was completed first and published. It was much the longer of the two. Keats's poem was *Endymion*. Taylor and Hessey, who seem to have had more confidence in him than had the Olliers, agreed to publish it, and as early as May 16, 1817, advanced him money on the work, then only just begun. The first draft was completed on November 28 of the same year, but many changes and alterations were made before it was finally in type and published in April, 1818. The poem is mentioned many times in his letters during the year preceding its publication. The following extracts are all of interest:

On April 18, 1817, he wrote to John Hamilton Reynolds:

I shall forthwith begin my *Endymion*, which I hope I shall have got some way with by the time you come, when we will read our verses in a delightful place I have set my heart upon, near the Castle.

On May 10, to Leigh Hunt:

I began my poem about a fortnight since, and have done some every day, except travelling ones. Perhaps I may have done a good deal for the time, but it appears such a pin's point to me that I will not copy any out.

On the same day, to B. R. Haydon:

I read and write about eight hours a day. There is an old saying, "Well begun is half done." 'Tis a bad one. I would use instead, "Not begun at all till half done." So, according to that, I have not begun my poem, and consequently (*a priori*) can say nothing about it. Thank God! I do begin arduously where I leave off, notwithstanding occasional depressions; and I hope for the support of a High Power while I climb this little eminence, and especially in my years of more momentous labour.

On May 16, to Taylor and Hessey:

I went day by day at my poem for a month, at the end of which time, the other day, I found my brain so overwrought that I had neither rhyme nor reason in it, so was obliged to give up for a few days. I hope soon to be able to resume my work. I have endeavoured to do so once or twice, but to no purpose.

On September 21, to Haydon:

I am getting on famous with my third book; have written eight hundred lines thereof, and hope to finish it next week.

On September 28, to the same:

You will be glad to hear that within these last three weeks I have written one thousand lines, which are the third book of my poem. My ideas with respect to it, I assure you, are very low, and I would write the subject thoroughly again, but I am tired of it, and think the time would be better spent in writing a new romance which I have in my eye for next summer. Rome was not built in a day, and all the good I expect from my employment this summer is the fruit of experience, which I hope to gather in my next poem.

On November 22, to Benjamin Bailey:

At present I am just arrived at Dorking, to change the scene, change the air and give me a spur to wind up my poem, of which there are wanting five hundred lines.

On December 23, to his brother Thomas:

Wells tells me that you are licking your chops, Tom, in expectation of my book coming out. I am sorry to say I have not begun my corrections yet; to-morrow I set out.

On January 19 and 20, 1818, to his brothers George and Thomas:

I have just finished the revision of my first book, and shall take it to Taylor's to-morrow; intend to persevere.

On January 23, to his brothers:

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Poems,

BY

JOHN KEATS.

" What more felicity can fall to creature,
" Than to enjoy delight with liberty."
Fate of the Butterfly.—SPENSER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

C. & J. OLLIER, 3, WELBECK STREET,

CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1817.

I have so many things to say to you, and know not where to begin. It shall be upon a thing most interesting to you, my poem. Well! I have given the first book to Taylor; he seemed more than satisfied with it, and to my surprise proposed publishing it in quarto if Havdon would make a drawing of some event therein for a frontispiece. I called on Haydon; he said he would do anything I liked, but said he would rather paint a finished picture from it, which he seems eager to do; this in a year or two will be a glorious thing for us, and it will be, for Haydon is struck with the first book. I left Haydon, and the next day received a letter from him, proposing to make, as he says, with all his might, a finished chalk sketch of my head, to be engraved in the first style and put at the head of my poem, saying at the same time he had never done the thing for any human being, and that it must have considerable effect, as he will put his name to it. I begin to-day to copy my second book, "thus far into the bowels of the land." You shall hear whether it will be quarto or non-quarto, picture or non-picture. Leigh Hunt I showed my first book to. He allows it not much merit as a whole; says it is unnatural, and made ten objections to it in the mere skimming over.

The book was issued in octavo and without frontispiece, as Keats put it, in "non-quarto" and "non-picture."

On January 23 he wrote to Benjamin Bailey:

I have sent my first book to the press, and this afternoon shall begin preparing the second.

On February 5, to Taylor, the publisher:

I have finished copying my second book, but I want it for one day to overlook it.

On February 14, to his brothers:

I shall visit you as soon as I have copied my poem all out. I am now much beforehand with the printer; they have done none yet, and I am half afraid they will let half the season by before the printing. I am determined they shall not trouble me when I have copied it all.

On February 21, to the same:

Taylor says my poem shall be out in a month; I think he will be out before it.

On February 27, to Taylor, the publisher:

I am extremely indebted to you for this alteration and also for your after admonitions. It is a sorry thing for me that any one should have to overcome prejudices in reading my verses; that affects me more than any hypercriticism on any particular passage. In *Endymion* I have most likely but moved into the go-cart from the leading-strings; in poetry I have a few axioms, and you will see how far I am from their centre.

Then after setting down his three axioms, he goes on to say:

I am anxious to get *Endymion* printed, that I may forget it and proceed. I have copied the third book and begun the fourth. On running my eye over the proofs I saw one mistake. I will take care the printer shall not trip up my heels.

P. S.—You shall have a short preface in good time.

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On March 14, to J. H. Reynolds:

I have copied my fourth book, and shall write the preface soon. I wish it was all done, for I want to forget it and make my mind free for something new.

On March 21, to his publishers (it seems that the printers *are* tripping up his heels):

I had no idea of your getting on so fast. I thought of bringing my fourth book to town all in good time for you, especially after the late unfortunate chance. I did not, however, for my own sake delay finishing the copy, which was done a few days after my arrival here. I send it off to-day, and will tell you in a postscript at what time to send for it from the Bull and Mouth or other inn. You will find the preface and dedication and the title-page as I should wish it to stand, for a romance is a fine thing, notwithstanding the circulating libraries.

The first preface, which, after the criticisms of his friends, was entirely rewritten, was dated March 19, 1818. The tone of the passage taken from that suppressed preface is characteristic of the whole.

About a twelvemonth since I published a little book of verses; it was read by some dozen of my friends, who liked it, and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not.

Now, when a dozen human beings are at words with another dozen, it becomes a matter of anxiety to side with one's friends, more especially when excited thereto by a great love of poetry. I fought under disadvantages. Before I began I had no inward feel of being able to finish, and as I proceeded my steps were all uncertain, so this poem must rather be considered as an endeavour than as a thing accomplished; a poor prologue to what, if I live, I humbly hope to do. In duty to the public I should have kept it back for a year or two, knowing it to be so faulty, but I really cannot do so. By repetition my favourite passages sound vapid in my ears, and I would rather redeem myself with a new poem should this one be found of any interest.

The following extract, from a letter written to Reynolds, April 9, 1818, in reply to his criticism, taken with original and the rewritten preface, shows the author's point of view when setting forth his poem.

ENDYMION:

A Poetic Romance.

BY JOHN KEATS.

"THE STRETCHED METRE OF AN ANTIQUE SONG."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,

93, FLEET STREET.

1818.

Since you all agree that the thing is bad, it must be so, though I am not aware that there is anything like Hunt in it (and if there is, it is my natural way, and I have something in common with Hunt). Look it over again and examine into the motives, the seeds, from which any one sentence sprung. I have not the slightest feel of humility toward the public, or is anything in existence, but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty and the memory of great men. When I am writing for myself for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a preface is written to the public, a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. If there is any fault in the preface, it is not affectation, but an undersong of disrespect to the public. If I write another preface, it must be without a thought of those people. I will think about it. If it should not reach you in four or five days, tell Taylor to publish it without a preface, and let the dedication simply stand,

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"Inscribed to the Memory of Thomas Chatterton."

The next day, April 10, 1818, he sent a new preface, which was duly printed, and the book was published. This new preface was a little milder in tone than the first, but showed the same doubt in his work and hopefulness of doing something better in future.

Those were the days of bitter reviews in the periodicals, the personality of the author as often coming in for virulent notice as the books under discussion. One of the most famous, or infamous, notices of any book ever published was that of Keats's *Endymion,* which appeared in the number of the *Quarterly Review* published in September, 1818. The author's preface and the book itself lent themselves readily to the malignant animus of the reviewer. Taylor, the publisher, too, seems to have invited attack, for as soon after the book was published, fearful of the reception which would be given it by the vitriol throwers of the age, he visited Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly,* to seek an indulgent notice of the volume. He met the reception which he deserved and which he might have expected. The following extracts will show the character of this famous literary notice:

Mr. Keats's preface hints that his poem was produced under peculiar circumstances. "Knowing within myself," he says, "the manner" (here he quotes from the preface down to "a deed accomplished"). We humbly beg his pardon, but this does not appear to us to be "quite so clear;" we really do not know what he means. But the next passage is more intelligible. "The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible, are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press." Thus, "the two first books" are, even in his own judgment, unfit to appear, and "the two last" are, it seems, in the same condition; and as two and two make four, and as that is the whole number of books, we have a clear and, we believe, a very just estimate of the entire work. . . . By this time our readers must be pretty well satisfied as to the meaning of his sentences and the structure of his lines. We now present them with some of the new words with which, in imitation of Mr. Leigh Hunt, he adorns our language.

We are told that turtles passion their voices, that an arbour is nested and a lady's locks gordianed up; and, to supply the place of the nouns thus verbalised, Mr. Keats, with great fecundity, spawns new ones, such as men-slugs and human serpentry, the honey-feel of bliss, wives prepare needments, and so forth.

Then he has formed new verbs by the process of cutting off their natural tails, the adverbs, and affixing them to their foreheads. Thus, the wine out-sparkled, the multitude up-followed and night up-took; the wind up-blows and the hours are down-sunken. But if he sinks some adverbs in the verbs, he compensates the language with adverbs and adjectives, which he separates from the parent stock. Thus, a lady whispers pantingly and close, makes hushing signs and steers her skiff into a ripply cove, a shower falls refreshfully and a vulture has a spreaded tail.

This review has often been blamed for causing the early death of Keats.

Luther S. Livingston.

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HENRI DE RÉGNIER

A tortured, unsatisfied self-consciousness, guided by an instinct for the kinship between music and the lyric outcry of emotion, has found copious expression in the poetry of symbolism. The symbolists have advanced theories, and put forth verses which are erratic to the point of being incomprehensible. There are many who ridicule them as obscure and valueless, and others who believe them initiators of a literary revolution. They have certainly shown the power of words to sing themselves so as to delight the ear, whether they mean anything or not, and to evoke scenes and sensations as by a touch of magic.

The symbolist shows that he is one by differing as widely as possible from every other symbolist—that is, he is determined to do exactly as he chooses, unfettered by traditional usage, and to express his own joys and sorrows and general impressions with all attainable candour and spontaneity. He is always introspective, reading his own weariness and impatience, his own rare delights and frequent recoils of dread, into his surroundings. Perhaps this intense individualism was the greater shock to the public for clashing directly with the prevailing naturalism. There was in it, too, an infiltration of foreign qualities, which accentuated its strangeness. There are many foreigners among the symbolists—Maeterlinck and Ghil, the Belgians; Merrill and Vielé-Griffin, the Americans; Vignier, the Swiss; Moréas, the Greek, and others, and they certainly have introduced some non-French ways of feeling. The mysticism and lack of lucidity which characterise symbolism are not French qualities, but acquired from abroad—from the dreamy and sensuous charm of English pre-Raphaelitism and from the minds of foreign stamp, which selected the French language as their means of self-expression. The symbolist does not expect always to convey a clear meaning, for he aims to suggest what is spiritual and illimitable, and this he can only do vaguely with his partial and limited means. It is the heart, not the mind, of things that he tries to probe, and all his effort is to suggest and convey emotion, not to state fact. He seems to possess abnormal faculties for seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling, particularly for smelling, and his physical surroundings oppress his morbidly acute consciousness with their hopelessly ugly and sordid elements. So he is sad; and sad, too, because educated out of pleasant self-illusion. He still dreams, but with his eyes wide open and a mocking smile at his own folly on his lips. He avidly pursues material pleasures, but scorns himself for doing so, and makes constant demand for nothing less than ideal satisfaction. His ideal is vague, best summed up as beauty—beauty which is divine goodness and harmony and satisfaction—of which he catches tantalising glimpses through partial manifestations, or rather symbols of it, furnished him by material fact.

A young chief among the French symbolists has come among us to lecture upon his art. M. Henri de Régnier has accepted an invitation from the Cercle Français of Harvard University, where he will deliver eight lectures upon the origin and development and probable future of French symbolism. He will be heard in New York and elsewhere, as well as at Cambridge, for our American universities are eager for that personal contact with foreign thought, which somehow is always more suggestive than any mere perusal of the printed matter which crosses the ocean to us.

Many of his admirers consider Henri de Régnier as the most gifted of all the young poets who are now working to stamp their personalities upon French letters. Even the austere upholder of tradition, Ferdinand Brunetière, praises his exceptional talent, although himself little in sympathy with the symbolistic school, and apparently ready with Mallarmé, its lawgiver, to term it "cymbalism." De Régnier is young, a careful, not exceedingly prolific writer, and has not entirely emerged from the experimental mood, so there is no telling what he may yet accomplish.

He was born at Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, December 28, 1864, and received his education in Paris, thus falling early into the swirl of contemporary thought, theory and feeling. Like many other young Frenchmen predestined to literature, he studied law before

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he began to write. His first book of poems appeared in 1885, and since then he has published perhaps a dozen small volumes of verse and prose. Most of these are out of print, but their contents have been collected into larger volumes and republished by the *Société du Mercure de France.* M. de Régnier also contributes an occasional chronicle to *Le Gaulois;* and his first long novel, *La Double Maîtresse,* has recently appeared as a serial in *L'Echo de Paris.* About two years ago he married a daughter of José Maria de Herédia, a poet whose verse he greatly admires. Madame de Régnier, herself a poet of some distinction, will accompany her husband to America.

Few Americans know M. de Régnier's work; and even at home, aside from fellow-craftsmen and critics, there are more who can label him symbolist than are familiar with what he has written. This is partly because, like Mallarmé, his avowed master, he despises notoriety and works with single-minded interest in his work as art; and partly because he has very little to say to the rank and file. The symbolist intends his work to be primarily a self-revelation of himself to the world, and the individual revealed by Henri de Régnier is an intellectual aristocrat. There is something about this tall, young Frenchman, with his meditative, blue-grey eyes, his long, nervous fingers, his ease of bearing and gesture, which suggests acute and delicate sensitiveness and impatient disgust of mediocrity; and these dispositions characterise everything he has written. "Any one who wanted to paint him so as to express his whole nature at once should show him descending the broad stairways of Versailles," declares a fellow poet, Albert Samain. The poor, the humble, the ignorant, make no such appeal to his sensibilities as to those of François Coppée, for instance, and so far as possible he ignores those who must exist for the support of the intellectual élite to which he consciously belongs. His refinement isolates him. The human lives around him look sordid, trivial, ignominious, and he avoids contemplating them, and creates a misty dreamland for his aspirations. The fair green forest of his fancy is laced with devious footways, abounds with gleaming fountains and twilighted glades, and has nothing in common with primeval wildernesses. Here fair creatures and strange monsters, nymphs and fauns and satyrs, sport and sorrow; and here he wanders, a sad, inactive spectator of his own life, haunted by Hope and Memory and Regret, while sere leaves of dead illusions flutter down in a soft, continual shower.

As a symbolist, one seeing all things as pale, inadequate images of what is rich and adequate and unattainable, and for which he longs, M. de Régnier is, of course, a pessimist. He sees human nature under guise of a faun, always ready to relapse into pure brute, yet with a spark of something higher always persisting to make him wretched at himself. His heart and mind revolt against the tedious struggle between instinct and partial intelligence. He would be epicurean, but enjoyment shrivels under his passionate regret at the shortness and apparent futility of life.

"The angel of the darker draught" beckons him always.

"Tristesse mon âme est dans tes voies," he cries despairingly, and to him the world is peopled "de femmes lasses et d'hommes sans joie." Still, he sobs far less convincingly than Paul Verlaine. There is less passion and more resignation in his dissatisfaction. Through all his discouragement he has persisted in his search for the "golden key" which is to unlock his kingdom of heaven. He is still

> Dreamer of the old dream which from soul to soul
> Crosses and passes
> From hand to hand, from age to age,
> Ashes or flame.

There is joy as well as pain in being an uncompromising idealist.

M. de Régnier owes much to the Parnassians, to what he calls "the severe paternity of Leconte de Lisle," whose sumptuously perfect verse helped to mature his instinct for rhythm and harmony, and to make impossible for him such freaks as have brought ridicule upon some of his fellows. Perhaps he owes still more to Verlaine and Mallarmé, who guided him in his revolt against naturalism, but he is less unrestrainedly emotional and more intel-

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lectual, while as individual as either of them. "I adore independence, especially in art," he says. Much of his verse abounds in irregularities, which are certainly daring, but which under his skilful manipulation result in pleasantly novel and sonorous effects. He has expressed his opinion that, after all, it is the rhythm, not the number, of verses in a stanza which matters, and his original combinations of lines of varying length and most erratic feet are undeniably pleasant to the ear. Lately he has evinced a disposition to return to the ample and stately Alexandrine of French classicism, and has shown himself well able to make it a richly musical expression of his theme. There is a certain vastness in M. de Régnier's conceptions, something imposingly grandiose, suggesting the vague rhythms of waves and winds which the Alexandrine suits.

Probably he will explain to us that his self-classification as a symbolist is in the nature of a protest against realism, naturalism, all the writers under whatever name, who work in the spirit of science as opposed to that of mere personal expression. His real claim is to be idealist, recognising the spiritual through visible fact.

M. de Régnier is equally individual in the less arduous work of writing prose. A suggestion of rhythm clings to his sentences, and they show his characteristic, almost miraculously, happy choice of words, which strike the attention freshly, and suggest more than they state. Like Paul Bourget, a man of entirely different nature, his tastes are so cultivated as to be exacting in their demand for what is exquisite and unusual. He longs, above all things, for beauty, clutching after the physical beauty of the world in its varied manifestations as shadow of the object of his vague aspiration; but, apart from beauty, he finds the grotesque, the eerie, the appalling, always preferable to the commonplace. He can evoke the evanescent mood of a child and show him in the innocent isolation, ignored of its elders, as he does in *Le Trèfle Blanc,* but more often he tells us sinister little tales, suggestive of Poe. Most of the symbolists have felt appreciatively Poe's creepy fascination. M. de Régnier has felt, too, very strongly the fascination of witty, cynical Saint-Simon, in whose memoirs he has steeped himself, until perhaps the eighteenth century is more vivid to him than his own. His novel is less a novel than an album of eighteenth-century portraits, sketched with skilful mockery, worthy of Saint-Simon himself. His mad people and bad people, his dupes and scamps, manifest his delight in the freakish and fantastic.

"I have been waiting and flattering myself in my naïveté," says M. Brunetière, "that to the charlatanical and funambulic means which they (the symbolists) have adopted to attract attention they would finally, in order to hold and fix it, join legitimate means;" and he declares this hope frustrated. Nevertheless, symbolism has accomplished something positive.

To be thoroughly in sympathy with it requires a mood of mental leisure and a certain *blasé* attitude toward life, from which healthy men and women are usually safeguarded by intense interest in their own lives, an inalienable sense of responsibility and a utilitarian desire to extract the utmost good from the means at hand.

It is true that in its highly concentrated typical manifestations very few can assimilate it; but true, too, that more and more of its real leaven is getting baked into nourishing loaves for popular consumption. That younger poets continually join the symbolists is proof of the sincerity and vitality of the movement. It testifies that the lyric poet is instinctively an independent, finding inspiration in his personal emotions. The symbolist has checked an exaggeration of science in art and demonstrated once again that man has a soul.

Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

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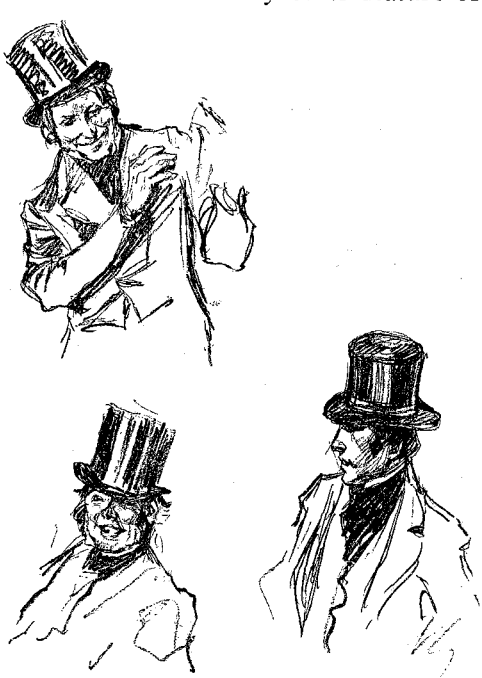
THE NEW LEADERS IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

III The Story-Tellers: Pape, Keller, Hitchcock, Clinedinst and Ashe

The pictorial story-teller has the easiest of tasks; he has the hardest of tasks. If he succeeds in expressing that touch of human nature which truly makes the whole world kin, then his task may be accounted an easy one; for the most irresistible human interest, in the purely mental pleasures, is awakened through the recognition of familiar traits of character by the narrative quality of appeal. If, however, the artist cannot educe this human touch, then his task has proven impossible, regardless of the artistic qualities that may prettily conspire to hide the essential defect. His result stands as nothing more than dummy pose and studio trumpery. Thus, character interpretation too often becomes caricature, lacking in the legitimate portrayal of the emotion it attempts to reveal; and this is because its expression undoubtedly requires more resources in its interpreter than are needed in any other feature of illustration—judgment, taste, humour, discrimination, refinement, poetic sympathy and dramatic sensibility and vigour. It well may be argued that these qualities may be safely trusted fully to exploit any subject; the argument but goes to prove the versatility of the story-teller and his many-sided equipment. He is the cosmopolitan of art, and equally at home in all parts of her domain.



STUDIES OF HEADS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

Of Mr. Eric Pape it may truly be said that he belongs to no nationality of art expression; whatever distinction he has displayed has been more through preference than limitation, and it has been regulated rather by temperament than by tendency. He was born in San Francisco less than thirty years ago, and when but eight years of age was called upon by his teacher in the public schools to decorate the blackboard with drawings for exhibition days, so that he began in the good old-fashioned way of being a prodigy. He had also manifested a talent for the violin, and his parents expected a brilliant career for him as a virtuoso on that instrument, and reluctantly relinquished their cherished idea when he determined to go abroad to study art, having become enthusiastic through a course of instruction at the San Francisco School of Design. He was considerably under twenty when he entered the Académie Julian in Paris, and when he shortly afterward passed the examination for admission to the École des Beaux Arts, his decisive drawing on that occasion being marked number three—the competitors numbering several hundred, and most of them being Frenchmen. During the course of his studies in Paris, Mr. Pape came under the tuition of MM. Boulanger, Lefebre, Benjamin Constant, Doucet, Blanc, Gérôme, Delaunay and Jean Paul Laurens. His first Salon picture, a painting, was exhibited at the Champs de Mars when he was nineteen, and the following year he had three pictures and a bas-relief

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RELIGIOUS COMPOSITION BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

medallion exposed at the same Salon. Mr. Pape has been a frequent exhibitor ever since, his largest and most important picture, "The Two Eras," sharing with one other the chief attention at the Salon of 1893.

His first work in the illustrating line was executed for the Century Company while he was still in Paris; and directly upon his return to this country, in 1894, he made a large number of drawings for the *Life of Napoleon,* published by the same firm. This was the beginning of an enormous amount of his work of various kinds that has been produced by the leading periodicals and publishers. Perhaps the most important single commission that he has performed was for the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Company in their exquisite edition of *The*

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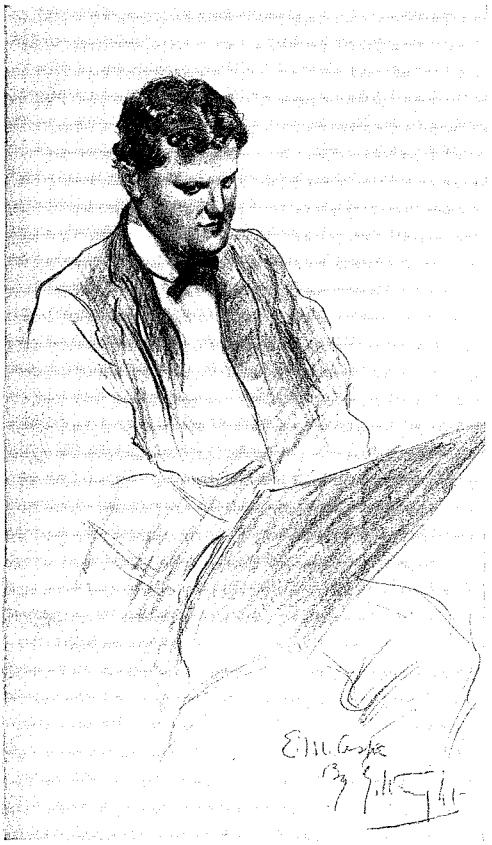

PORTRAIT STUDY OF E. M. ASHE BY G. WRIGHT.

Fair God, by General Lew Wallace. No care was spared in the preparation of these volumes (two), as no care was spared in their mechanical perfection. For the purposes of illustration Mr. Pape was sent to Mexico to familiarise himself with the land, traditions and existing lore of the Aztecs. He made a number of sketches on the ground and brought a considerable collection of Aztec curios, costumes, treasures and implements home with him. He also visited various museums to make sketches of actual Aztec relics, so that the text is not only embellished and illustrated from the artistic standpoint, but elucidated from an antiquarian accuracy. Indeed, it is a veritable pictorial museum of Aztec research. Mr. Pape enjoyed the influence of a number of teachers in Paris, and the result is shown in his eclecticism of method, which is nowhere more apparent than in these drawings of pen and ink, gouache, crayon and tint. Mr. Pape had singular equipment for this undertaking, as a stay of several years in Egypt had encouraged him in the study of ancient peoples and typical architecture. The romantic, the archaic and the mediæval are attractive to him, the sumptuous, the Oriental and the pageantry of barbaric splendour; he can revel in the stir and flexible compositions of dramatic movement or he can go with unerring calm to the very heart of poetic quiet, his peculiar vitality, even in his tranquil individual figures, imbuing them with an inevitable sense of personal appeal. There is a magnetism in his art that is as indefinable as a writer's style and quite as inseparable in the personal consideration it insures.

Besides conducting the Eric Pape School of Art in Boston, this tireless young artist is now engaged on several book commissions for publishers, and he will be represented at the Paris Exposition by a number of paintings and drawings. His wife, who was Miss Alice Monroe, a skilful artist, is his assistant in the school. They have an invaluable collection of Egyptian, Mexican and other curios and antiques, which were gathered in Mr. Pape's extensive travels.

Mr. Arthur I. Keller's identification with present-day illustrating is little less than omnipresent; of the younger men, he is easily the leader in character work, and in the vernacular of the play he may be said to occupy the centre of its stage. Like Mr. Pape, he cares most for the effects obtained through the feeling of colour, and he delights in the romantic and poetic expression of life. He studied at the local Academy of Design, where he won a prize, and following his inclination for the German school, he went to Munich to continue his studies, selecting Loeftz as his instructor. As a student he learned to love the masterpieces of Velasquez and to recognise the beauties of the Barbizon painters; for these he still has a profound admiration, but he hopes to express himself in a truly individual manner, nevertheless, regarding illustrating as a present incidental, his ultimate tendency being for painting. As a water-colourist he is well known, his pictures at the exhibitions finding ready sales. Mr. Keller is a musician as well as an artist, and through his incursions into music he has become

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SKETCH BY E. M. ASHE.

impressed with the possibilities that the operatic legends offer for pictorial interpretation. He has made some studies of Beethoven's Sonatas, and the theme that lies nearest to his interest is the Nibelungenlied. This he expects to amplify in an elaborate manner.

Mr. Keller has done a great deal of costume illustrating, and he has collected an extensive wardrobe of different periods as well as a valuable library of plates to complement his work. These were used to good purpose in *The Private Life of George Washington,* recently completed as a serial in *Harper's Magazine* and now issued in book form. These

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PORTRAIT SKETCH OF ERIC PAPE BY HIMSELF.

illustrations were notable among Mr. Keller's recent work, as were also the drawings in several periodicals for the Irish stories of Seumas MacManus, the artist's work being as much of a feature as the stories themselves, and being so full of local colour as to make the author wonder how he got it! Mr. Keller has illustrated books of Mr. Howells and Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and at present he is finishing a series of drawings for the new edition of Bret Harte's works, which the Macmillans are to publish.

The fidelity of Mr. Keller's characters has often been remarked, and for this he does not rely on his models. He says that he uses the same models that other artists employ, but he uses them only as models, and not as types. He gets his characters from impressions of people he meets, and he selects a man in the same vocation as that of his character to represent the type he is to portray; thus, if a doctor is the subject, he studies the physiognomy and manners and expression of an actual physician or he gets what he can from a picture of some noted doctor. He preserves pictures of all classes of men, and they usually come in at some time to serve his purpose.

When a manuscript is given him to illustrate, he reads it through casually,

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"THE MID-DAY MEAL." BY ERIC PAPE.

and brackets whatever suggests a situation to him; if another commends itself, or several, he brackets them also and selects whatever seems the most comprehensive and effective. He then makes sketches of each character and writes a description of what he assumes each character to be, their manner of dress and their bodily appearance. The composition is then drawn in merest suggestion in pencil; if the story is of historical interest, he looks up data and costume. For the exact facial and physical expression Mr. Keller uses a mirror and tries to put himself in the place of his character, watching his own movements in the different phases of feeling he endeavours to counterfeit. He says: "Suppose I wish to depict a scene where one man makes a proposition to another. I imagine that I am the man who is being addressed. I am sitting with one hand against my cheek, which is a natural attitude under the circumstances. The other man makes the proposition; I turn, dropping my hand, elevating my face and look at him with directness and speculation. There I have my pose; and I have this in mind when I draw from my model."

This peculiar aptitude for character and for the psychology of feeling Mr. Lucius Hitchcock possesses and applies with the same significance as does Mr. Keller. His chief interest is in human beings, and he has the delightful faculty of winning persons and making friends. This felicitous quality shows in his

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"A COAST GUARD." BY ERIC PAPE.

work; his characters are sympathetic to a degree, they are actually permeated with human nature. Mr. Hitchcock is an Ohioan by birth, and in his native State came under the art instruction of the painter A. T. Van Lear, who is now a resident of New York. Mr. Hitchcock also came to New York and studied at the Art Students' League and later went to Paris, where he was the pupil of Benjamin Constant and Jules Lefèbre in the Julian studios. While in Paris Mr. Hitchcock painted several portraits, which were received at the Champs Elysées. His success in portraiture determined him to establish himself as a portrait painter in this country, and for some time he had a studio in New York; he soon found, however, that illustrating offered the quicker recognition, and he offered some drawings to *Harper's,* which were accepted, paving the way to more important commissions in that line. A year or so later he was offered the life and antique classes in the Buffalo Art Students' League, with criticism twice a week. It offered him advantages in time and the opportunity of painting, and while he regarded it like "an artistic polar expedition," he accepted, with the result that is satisfactory in every way. He says that he has made all his success since he went to Buffalo, which is proof that one can succeed outside of New York. He also says that most of his drawings have been in a realistic vein for the reason that he does not want to pledge his future to any certain kind of work. The realistic and yet broad and vivacious treatment of his illustrations to *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg,* by Mark Twain, in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine,* undoubtedly placed, or rather more firmly established, Mr. Hitchcock with the men who do character work. In the same publication he has been making a feature of pencil and crayon drawings, getting some excellent values in both mediums. He is a conscientious worker, and the qualities of tone and poetic feeling that with a painter's instinct he is putting into his work are making each successive drawing that he contributes more noticeable. Mr. Hitchcock will represent the Harper publications abroad this summer, visiting the Exposition at Paris and doing some special illustrations in Austro-Hungary.

Mr. B. West Clinedinst has won most of his honours as a painter, and yet he is chiefly known as an illustrator. It will be recalled that he received the Evans prize at the recent Water-Colour Exhibition for his delicate colonial picture, "Long Ago." He was an exhibitor at the Salon de Champs de Mars when he studied in Paris under Cabanel and Bonnat; and a few years ago, through an oil picture, he won the distinction of being made a National Academician. His commissions in illustrating have been extensive; he was the interpreter

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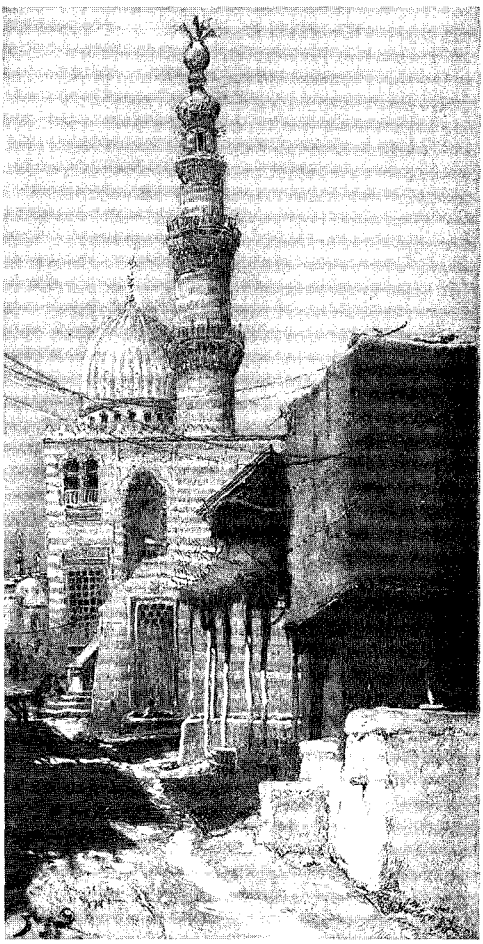
of *Uncle Edinburgh,* by Thomas Nelson Page, as more recently he was given the pictorial elucidation of *Red Rock* by the same author. *Roughing It,* by Mark Twain, contributed to his artistic success, and the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Bret Harte brought him into more prominence through the illustrations he furnished for them. Last year, when the Century Company published the *Life of Franklin,* he was engaged to make the drawings for it, and among his present commissions is one for Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance* in the complete new edition which Houghton, Mifflin and Company are to issue with illustrations by leading artists. Mr. Clinedinst did not enter art through a love of it, for he wished to go into the army, and enjoyed a military education at the Military Institute in Virginia, his native State. A slight physical disability prevented the preferred career, and his artistic talents led him to the adoption of the more peaceful vocation. Mr. Clinedinst has a delicate appreciation for the poetic and the picturesque; the fine

SKETCH OF LUCIUS HITCHCOCK BY HIMSELF.



"TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS, CAIRO." BY ERIC PAPE.

shadings of character and the almost fragrance of environment he conveys with appreciable refinement. Primarily a colourist, he gets the feeling of colour in whatever he attempts and a sensibility that both charms and persuades.

Mr. E. M. Ashe, who did the portrait sketch of Mr. George Wright in last month's BOOKMAN, and has an original sketch in this number, is also, like most of the character illustrators, a painter, being a frequent exhibitor in most of the exhibits in this country. His first drawings were accepted for the Harper publications, and he has executed orders from other leading periodicals and publishers, some of the books of John Kendrick Bangs being among the number. Mr. Ashe was born in New York City, of Southern parents. He studied at the

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CHARCOAL SKETCH OF ARTHUR I. KELLER BY HIMSELF.

Art Students' League in this city and in Paris under Cabanel. He likes to draw children, feeling that they can be more truly expressed than adults. He also likes genre compositions, but what he chiefly likes is the mystic and the weird, a character of work that he has never exploited, except as a personal study.

The character artist has an easy task, he has a hard task. He must have the keenest power of observation and the surety of touch that becomes the handmaid of his thought. It is all very well to say that a thing is taken from life, but it becomes meaningful when it has been put into art. When that happy transition is effected it is not easily forgotten, for the idiosyncrasies of the individual endear and charge the memory with their oddity or charm. We all have a faculty of perceiving the distinctive and the human, even to the fact of whether a man's body or his necktie is on straight. Horace Greeley has passed down to history with his trousers in his boots, and George the Third is more vividly brought to mind because of Thackeray's sartorial description of him. The human face and figure have marks as indelibly expressive. Who cannot conjure up the lovely being whose poet was moved to say: "There is a garden in her face"? and is there not always a little touch of pathos with the invoked laughter because "the old three-cornered hat and the breeches and all that were so queer"? The artist who sees these things in life, and with the sympathy and the skill translates them into art, has an easy task, for he has interpreted the book of humanity.

Regina Armstrong.

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GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

IV Austrian and Hungarian Newspapers

I. Austrian Newspapers.

The Constitution of Austria contains many odd paragraphs, but the oddest of all of them is the one that guarantees to "the peoples represented in the *Reichsrath*" (Austrian Parliament) the freedom of the press "subject to such rules and regulations as His Majesty's Government shall deem necessary in the interest of order and public welfare." Press laws, ordinances and ministerial decrees are so numerous that there is hardly a constitutional lawyer in all Austria who could say with any degree of certainty what the editor of a newspaper may or may not have a right to say. Still it is possible to give a broad outline of what political journalism has to contend with in the "country of improbabilities"—to use Bismarck's apt naming of Austria.

Before any one can start a political newspaper in Austria he has to secure the permission of the Government for his enterprise. If the would-be publisher has satisfied the authorities that he is an honourable man, that he is not liable to print seditious matter and that he will not corrupt the morals of His Majesty's subjects, he may get the necessary permit; revocable, however, without appeal to the ordinary courts, by the Minister for the Interior. The license once secured, he must name the responsible editor and file a bond with the Government. This bond varies in size with the size of the paper and the place of publication, and is intended to indemnify the Government for any possible expense in prosecuting the publisher or editor in case they should break some of the laws that regulate the " freedom of the press." If the newspaper proves refractory, the Government has the right to declare the bond forfeited either in part or *in toto*.

When permission has been obtained and the bond filed by the publisher, he can proceed to print the paper, but once more the Government steps in and decides whether it should be allowed to circulate or not. Every newspaper is bound to send a complete copy of every issue to the district attorney's office, and only after that official, who acts as general censor, has found nothing objectionable in its pages can the paper be sent out to its subscribers. Should, however, the censor discover in its columns anything which, according to his judgment, is an infringement upon the rather vaguely and by no means clearly worded press laws, the whole edition is confiscated by the police. It is the duty of the district attorney to point out the articles or passages which are objectionable, and the publishers have a right to issue a second edition with the objectionable parts left out. But of late the courts have held that it is unlawful to reprint the unoffending parts of the condemned article, and have ruled that beyond the bare announcement that a previous edition had been seized by the authorities no reference may be made to the seizure. The district attorney has three days' time to submit the question to the criminal courts, where the judges and not the jury decide, after argument on both sides, whether the seizure was justified or not. Usually the censor is upheld, and even if the court reverses his decision, the damage done to the newspaper cannot be repaired.

In the course of time the editors learn to know the predilections and prejudices of each censor, and, as a rule, they know so well when their paper is going to be confiscated that everything is ready for

Neue
Freie Presse.
Morgenblatt.
№ 12429. Wien, Donnerstag, den 30. März 1899.
Wien, 29. März.

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EDWARD BACHE.

the getting out of the second edition long before the "service copy" has been sent to the censor. Still once in a while the unexpected happens, and often the fiercest onslaught upon the Government has passed the censor, while on other occasions the most harmless allusion to some high official was sufficient for the very same man to order the seizure of the whole edition. Only two kinds of articles are absolutely free from interference by the authorities. Verbatim reports of parliamentary debates and correct reports of proceedings in the law courts are exempt from the censor's power. But the editor must not use his discretion in deciding what parts of the speech should be printed and what omitted. If he does not print it *in toto,* the district attorney is allowed to search for a motive; and if a speech, not reported *in toto,* impresses that official as an attempt to lessen respect for the Government, Church and other established institutions, he can order the seizure of the paper, even if the speaker did actually say the words printed. The fact that the paper did print what is true, and that the complained-of matter can be proven to be true, does not mean in Austria that it can be printed. According to the opinion entertained by official Austria, the truth is not for every one, and the Government is very careful not to allow its subjects to know too much.

This state of affairs makes it rather hard for any editor to pursue his policy without trouble. There is the everlasting danger that the ministry might exclude his paper from the mails or else revoke his license, confiscate his bond and a thousand and one petty annoyances with which the authorities harass their political opponents. Some years ago the Government forbade the sale of the *Neue Freie Presse* and the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* in all the tobacco shops, where the average Viennese buys his papers; then, again, important telegrams have sometimes been delayed in the most mysterious and annoying manner, and finally there is a little trick of excluding the representatives of a fault-finding press from the public meetings of public bodies. Last year, for instance, the reporter of the *Neue Freie Presse* was refused admittance by order of Dr. Carl Lueger, the burgomaster, to the meetings of the city council; and the highest court decided that representatives of newspapers are only tolerated and have no legal right to be present anywhere.

And yet in spite of all these drawbacks, or perhaps because of them, the newspapers of Austria have an influence entirely out of proportion with their merits. In that polyglot country newspapers are printed in a dozen different languages, following all sorts of tendencies and speaking for fully a dozen nationalities that are constantly at war with each other. To describe them all is impossible, and the great mass of them do not even deserve a mere mention. Of really great newspapers there are few, and all of them appear in the German language and are published in Vienna.

It may be said conclusively that among Austrian newspapers the *Neue Freie Presse* is first and foremost. Politically, commercially and financially it occupies a place unique in newspaperdom. It is perhaps the richest newspaper of Continental Europe, and the luxurious appointments of its offices, and the salaries it pays to its leading workers, are the envy of European journalists. The

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editor-in-chief has an income three times as large as that of the Prime Minister, and the social prestige he derives from his position is marvellous. Founded in 1864 by M. Etienne, Max Friedlaender and Adolph Werthner, the *Neue Freie Presse* has quickly risen to pre-eminence. Politically it is the exponent of German Liberalism, and has therefore been in opposition to the ruling powers for the last twenty years. Ministry after ministry have bulldozed, cajoled, threatened the editors, yet the paper has gone on in its own way; every conceivable method of withholding information from its representatives has been tried, yet the *Neue Freie Presse* has constantly been the best-informed newspaper of Austria and has used its information in the clearest and most readable manner. Its influence is great within the boundaries of its country, its articles and opinions are quoted all over the world.

The editors have always been men closely allied with the Liberal Party, and the paper has always stood out boldly and uncompromisingly for the tenets of this party. At the present time Dr. Edward Bache is the editor-in-chief, though officially he figures as joint publisher with Moritz Benedikt, and the title "editor" is applied to Karl Felix Kohler. In reality, Dr. Bache is the head of the editorial department, Mr. Benedikt the business manager, while Mr. Kohler would be called the managing editor in this country.

Dr. Bache is, relatively speaking, a young man—he is not yet fifty years of age—and is known as one of the most erudite scholars of Vienna. Like so many other prominent men of Austria, Dr. Bache is a lawyer by profession, but he has never practised law, finding literary studies more to his taste, and from an occasional contributor on legal and literary matters he soon became one of the sub-editors of the paper. Thus he came into contact with the most representative men of Austrian politics, and he soon mastered the intricacies of statesmanship. He was never even a candidate for political honours, but so much is thought of his sound judgment and foresight that the leaders of the Liberal Party consult him on every important occasion, and his advice is not only sought but also heeded. To-day

DR. THEODOR HERZKA.

he is in absolute and supreme control of the editorial department of the *Neue Freie Presse,* he directs its policy and writes most of its leading articles on internal politics. He has surrounded himself with the brightest and most gifted men in Austrian journalism, and the political department of the paper which is under his personal supervision has become the wonder and envy of all German newspapers.

Next in importance to politics are the financial and economic departments of the *Neue Freie Presse,* and here again it is without rivals. The *haute finance* speaks through its columns, its informations regarding great financial transactions are always in advance of every other paper, and its articles on finance are of an exceptionally high character, sound and correct to the last detail. It is almost accepted as a truism in Austria that no one can rightly claim to be an authority on financial matters unless the *Neue Freie Presse* recognises him as such by printing his views.

What is known as the Austrian school

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CARL WOLF.

of political economists had its origin in the pages of this same paper. Professor Edward Suess, Dr. Theodor Herzka and a number of other equally prominent authorities contribute the articles dealing with political economy, and much valuable information has been published in its columns.

Another widely admired feature of the *Neue Freie Presse* is its feuilletons. In it Edward Hanslick, the greatest of all musical critics, discusses everything connected with music; opera and symphony, chamber music and vocal concerts all receive his attention. He writes in a highly interesting and extremely lucid style; he praises without stint and censures without fear. In the feuilleton he gave to the world his theories on music, and it was there he attracted such wide attention to himself that a special professorship was created for him in the University of Vienna, where he lectures on Harmony.

Ludwig Speidel, Hugo Wittmann and Dr. Burkhardt, formerly the director of the Vienna Hofburg-Theater, are the trio who have made the dramatic reviews of the *Neue Freie Presse* famous. The drama plays a far greater part in Vienna than it does anywhere else, save perhaps in Berlin. The production of a new play is an event in Vienna, and the newspapers give column after column to its criticism. There is sure to be at least one essay every week on some drama in the feuilleton of the *Neue Freie Presse,* and no matter which of the above-named three has written it, it is sure to have been done after careful consideration, thorough study in a scholarly, dignified manner. It receives all the importance it deserves, the critic is uninfluenced by the clamour for favourable notices, utterly unmindful of how the review will suit the manager of any theatre. It is not infrequent that any one of these three critics takes fully two weeks before he reviews a new play, but when he is ready he can command as much space as he wants, and reviews of five thousand words are by no means exceptional. In Vienna the drama in itself is looked upon as the most important part, the acting is taken only into secondary consideration. No amount of good acting will save a play from condemnation if the book itself is faulty, and, as a rule, three-fourths of every review of a new play deal with the book and the remaining fourth with the actors.

Book reviewing is another feature of the feuilleton, as are also essays on every conceivable subject of human interest, and no matter what the subject treated of might be, the author is always fully capable of doing it justice. Then there is the serial story. The best works of German, English, Russian, French and Hungarian novelists go to fill these columns, and no expense is considered too great to secure the best works.

As to the "news" part of the paper there is not much to be said. It is true that on special occasions, such as, for instance, the Dreyfus trial, the *Neue Freie Presse* spends large sums of money for telegraphic reports; but ordinarily it relies upon Reuter's Agency and the Agence Havas for its foreign news. The domestic news service is more elaborate, though the local columns would drive an American city editor to despair. The

Illustrirtes Wiener
Extrablatt.
Nr. 27. Wien, Montag, 29. Jänner 1900. 29. Jahrgang.

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most sensational murder is dismissed with a few lines, and the private affairs of even the most prominent public man are never touched upon. Perhaps the editor of one American "progressive" paper was right when he gave his opinion of the *Neue Freie Presse* in these words: "From a literary standpoint, as a political document and as a financial text-book, the paper is admirable, but when you consider it as a newspaper, I claim that it is nothing of the kind, for the news is conspicuous by its absence."

Nr. 40. Wien, Sonntag 11. Februar 1900. 54. Jahrg.

Fremden-Blatt.

(Morgen-Blatt.)

Die nächste Nummer dieses Blattes wird Montag Nachmittags ausgegeben.

Wien, 10. Februar.

Graf Ferdinand Deym.

Die heutige Nummer ist 6 Bogen stark.

Another well-edited, though unpretentious, paper is the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. Politically its sympathies are with the Liberal Party, and the editor, Sigmund Hahn, is even more than a Liberal, he is an uncompromising preacher of democracy. He has no such array of brilliant men around him as has Dr. Bache, and the *Tagblatt* does not pretend to rival the *Neue Freie Presse*. Mr. Hahn is very active in local political affairs, he has also been repeatedly a member of Parliament, and he has no ambition to either be himself or to make his paper a political factor outside of his own country. Its patrons are found mostly among the artisans, and it is read by most Viennese women.

Ein Exemplar 4 h

Neues Wiener Tagblatt.

Demokratisches Organ.

Nr. 41. Montag, den 12. Februar 1900. 34. Jahrgang.

Herr v. Szell in Wien.

Telegramme.

Der südafrikanische Krieg.

Die Kämpfe beim Tugela.

Feuilleton.

Knaus — Welie — Constable.

The *Fremden-Blatt* deserves to be noted, because its editor, Wilhelm Mendl, is the mouthpiece of the Foreign Office, and usually gives the first information in regard to Austria's foreign policy.

The *Illustrirtes Wiener Extrablatt* is the sole exponent of pictorial journalism in Vienna. Its editor, E. Seidel, is proud of the fact that his paper has the largest circulation in Vienna, and to keep that circulation he runs it as a sort of gossip sheet. It is the paper of the *hoi polloi*, and the editor is absolutely non-committal as to what his preferences are politically or industrially.

And, lastly, the *Deutsche Volks-Zeitung* must be noticed. This paper is of very recent growth, and is the organ of the anti-Semitic Party in Austria. In Vienna the anti-Semites control the city council; the burgomaster, Dr. Lueger, is the leader of the party, and he contributes frequently leading articles to the *Deutsche Volks-Zeitung*. The redoubtable Carl Wolf, anti-Semite member of Parliament from Vienna, is the editor of this paper, and its columns reflect the peculiarities of its editor. He is the self-

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same Carl Wolf who bombards his political opponents in Parliament with ink bottles, books, chairs and tables, and his paper indulges in similar methods. Lies and misstatements are its weapons, there is a constant appeal to the lowest passions of the mob, and nothing is too sacred to be dragged into the mire. The Jews are, of course, the objects of the main attacks, but they are not the only ones. Every one, from minister down to policeman, is attacked in its columns if he dares to say or do anything which does not meet with the approval of Herr Wolf or his colleague, Herr Schoenerer. Yet such is the hold they have upon the population of Vienna that the authorities do not dare to put a stop to the malice and viciousness of Vienna's youngest and, in one sense, most powerful newspaper.

II. The Hungarian Newspapers.

Every Magyar wants to talk politics, or if he cannot talk, he desires to listen to some one else who can. The Hungarian is a born politician, and he demands to be informed about the public affairs of his city, county and state. Under these conditions political newspapers flourish and have an influence over the people as in no other civilised country. The total number of the Magyars is hardly ten millions, yet over two hundred dailies manage to exist.

To Hungary, newspapers are a relatively new institution, for the first Magyar newspaper did not appear until 1841. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was the first man to edit a daily newspaper in the Magyar language, and from 1841 to 1844 his *Pesti Hirlap* was the only paper in that country. In 1844 he could no longer continue to print it; the opposition of the Austrian Government became so great that he had to stop its publication. Then came the momentous years of 1848 and 1849, when every Hungarian who could shoulder a musket went out to fight for the liberty of his country against the Austrian army, augmented by fifty thousand Russians; and when Világos had come and the patriots were crushed there could be no question of editing a Magyar newspaper.

Hungary became a military satrapy of Austria. An Austrian general was the absolute dictator, and yet, in spite of the gloomy outlook, a man was found who was ready to defend the principles of liberty against all odds. On the 9th of March, 1850, appeared in Pest the first number of the *Pesti Napló* (Journal of Pest), and Joseph Szenvcy proclaimed himself its editor and publisher. For five months this brave man stood all the cruel persecution of the martinet, General Haynau; then, broken in health and ruined financially, he emigrated to England. His paper, however, continued to exist. Simon Bánfay took up the work, and in one short year, during which he managed the paper, he was arrested one hundred and fifty times and condemned four times by court-martials. A similar experience was that of his successor, Emil Récscy, and often the publication of the paper was suspended for months.

By this time men like Maurus Jókai, Paul Gyulai, Baron Sigismund Kemény, Paul Hunfalvy, the geographer, associated themselves with the *Pesti Napló,* and finally Francis Deák became one of its editors. After the terrible losses Austria suffered in Italy during the year 1859 the Government became more friendly toward Hungary, and repeated

ÖTVENEGYEDIK ÉVFOLYAM. (22. szam.)

PESTI NAPLÓ

Szerkesztőség: VI., Teréz-körút 21. * Kiadóhivatal: VI., Teréz-körút 23.

Budapest, 1900. — Főszerkesztő: Neményi Ambrus. — Kedd, január 23.

Hivatalnok-minisztérium.

Budapest, január 22.

A harmadik hivatalnok-minisztérium is megalakult végre Ausztriában. Hosszu vajudás előzte meg születését. Dr. Körber ismételten értekezett a különféle pártok vezérembereivel, nehogy a minisztériumnak mindjárt megalakulásakor határozott bizalmatlansággal, sőt ellenszenvvel kelljen találkoznia. Aztán oly programmféle nyilatkozattal foglalta el állását, melynek szintelensége is mutatja, hogy nem a parlamenti pártokból kiemelkedő, hanem a szó szoros értelmében hivatalnok-minisztériummal állunk szemben.

Ha azonban ezt a jámbor óhajtásoktól és senki részéről kétségbe nem vonható örök igazságokból összealkotott kormányprogrammot vegyi elemeire felbontjuk és a régibb osztrák kormányok programmjaival összehasonlitjuk, arra az érdekes felfedezésre jutunk, hogy a Körber-kormány lényegében ugyanazt mondja, amit a német részről vérig üldözött Thun-kormány váltig hajtogatott. Becsületes egyezséget kell létrehozni a nemzetiségek közt és helyre kell állitani a parlament munkaképességét. Ezenfelül pedig erőteljesen kézbe kell venni az anyagi kérdéseket, mert ezek a hosszas politikai harcok alatt nagyon el lettek hanyagolva.

Tulajdonképpen Taaffe óta valamenynyi osztrák kormány ugyanezt mondta, sőt a koalíciós kormány a népek kibékitését a saját összealkotásával annak idején, ha nem is valami eszményi tökéletességben, meg is testesitette. Legfeljebb, hogy Thun első helyre tette a parlamenti békét és második helyre a nemzetiségek összebékitését; Körber ellenben megforditott sorrendet követ. A kettő tulajdonképp egy és ugyanazt jelenti. Ha megvan a nemzetiségi béke, megvan a parlament rendes működésének lehetősége is; ha pedig az egyik elmarad, akkor a másik is lehetetlen.

De meglesz-e csehek és németek közt a béke? A németek manapság ugyan valamivel békülékenyebbeknek látszanak, viszont annál nagyobb bizalmatlansággal fogadják a Körber-kabinetet a csehek, akiket a nyelvrendeletek megszüntetése mód nélkül elkeseritett. A király korholó szavai is abban a hitben erősitették meg őket, hogy a politikai szélirány ellenük fordult, minélfogva az adott viszonyok közt kedvező megegyezést ugysem remélhetnek. A tapasztalás azt mutatja, hogy minden hivatalnok-minisztérium német, mivel lényegében nem más, mint egy szelídebb, a viszonyok által az államra rákényszeritett neme az abszolutizmusnak. Már pedig minden fajtája az abszolutizmusnak centralista, tehát túlnyomóan német.

Az uj osztrák kormány óvatos programmnyilatkozatában mélyen hallgat is parlamentről és alkotmányról. Ez szeget ütött a német baloldal fejébe, ugy hogy pártelnökei közös értekezletükön, melyet tegnap tartottak, ki is jelentették, hogy a reichsrathot még február havában mindenesetre egybe kell hivni. A német pártok elnökeinek értekezlete annál nagyobb sulyt helyez a parlament mielőbbi összehivására, mivel a fenyegető belső helyzet napról-napra sürgősebben követeli rendezett parlamenti viszonyoknak helyreállitását. De ugyanakkor, mikor ezt sürgetik Körber miniszterelnöknél, azt is követelik, hogy Cseh-Morvaország *valamennyi* nemzeti pártját, tehát a Schönerer-pártot is, meg kell hivni a békéltető értekezletre. Szép békéltető értekezlet lesz az, melyen Schönerer és Wolf viszik a szót.

Őszintén kivánjuk, hogy Körber szerencsésebb legyen elődeinél. Azt a nyelvtörvényjavaslatot, melyet az uj osztrák miniszterelnök az értekezlet elé terjeszteni fog, ma még senki sem ismeri. Csak találgatások vannak arról, hogy mi lesz benne, de már ezekből a találgatásokból is látjuk, hogy egyik fél sem lesz vele megelégedve. Az pedig egyenesen rossz jel, hogy a minisztérium előre jelzi lapjaiban, hogy nem ragaszkodik javaslatához s ha nem bá ja, ha a felek másvalamiben egyeznek meg. A nálunk uralkodó politikai felfogások szerint a kormánynak egész erejét, állásának egész erkölcsi és anyagi sulyát latba kellene vetnie, hogy az általa helyesnek tartott megoldás keresztülmenjen. Sohasem sikeres az oly kormány, mely nem a saját, hanem mások erejétől várja a döntést.

Fellinő, hogy az osztrák kormány-

A téli tárlat arcképei.

— *A Pesti Napló eredeti tárcája.* —

Valami nagyratörő iránya sohasem volt arcképfestészetünknek. Müvelője mindenkor bőven akadt, mert hisz a festés művészetének ez a legjobb kenyérkereső ága, meg a legkönnyebb is. Nem mintha arcképet festeni könnyü volna: sőt minden művészi feladatok között ez a legszebbek és a legnehezebbek egyike. De mesterségképpen való űzésre és olcsó siker szerzésére a festésnek egyik faja sem oly alkalmas, mint a portrait-festés. Innen van, hogy boldog-boldogtalan vállalkozott és vállalkozik nálunk és másutt is a festésnek erre a komoly fajtájára, melyben a művész versenyre kél az irodalom és a história lélekrajzolóival s bár művészetének hatását éppen a külsőségek adják meg, kénytelen lemondani majd minden külsőségről, hatásos dekorációról, a szinek gazdagságáról, a formák változatosságáról, hogy mindezzel el ne nyomja az embert, kit ábrázolnia kell. Hogy mégis sehol sem annyira tultengő a mesteremberség, mint a portrait-festés terén, oka ennek a siker olcsóságában rejlik. A modellrabság, melyet figurális festőinknek legnagyobb bajaképpen emlegettünk, itt valósággal elvül van kimondva, szentesitve a portrait elismert célja és az esztétika által is. Az eredetihez való hasonlatosság, a portrait fogalmának e lényeges jegye, ürügye ennek a modellrabságnak, jó takarója mindenféle művészietlenségnek, megtévesztője a közönségnek és a művésznek egyaránt. Mert ámbár ezt a hasonlatosságot minden gondolkodó ember nemcsak a külsőre, hanem a belső emberre is, sőt inkább erre vonatkoztatja, ki mondja meg, hol végződik a külső és hol kezdődik a belső hasonlatosság. A szó csak szó marad s határát megvonni az ilyen alig megfogható fogalmaknak a realitásban szinte lehetetlen.

És mégis, ha összehasonlitjuk *Horovitznak* és *Benczurnak*, a magyar portraitfestés két ellentétes főképviselőjének munkáit, nyilvánvalóan szemünkbe ötlik ez a különbség. Az első mindennemű külsőségek lehető háttérbe szoritásával, az eszközök mód nélkül való egyszerüsitésével az embert igyekszik előtérbe léptetni, *Benczur* épp ellenkezőleg majdnem keresetten hangsulyozza a külsőségeket: a hasonlatosságot a legapróbb részletekben is keresi, az egyéniség karakterisztikus arcjeleit elaprózza, belemeriti a jelentéktelen vonások tömegébe s jelentőségét az eredetinek csak külső drapériával adja meg. Diszképeket fest s nem emberképeket.

A két ellentétes iránynak nem akadt folytatása a felnövekvő festőgenerációban. A fiatalok és fiatalabbak mind az egyik oldalra: Benczur tetszetősebb irányához szegődtek, részben mint tanitványok, kik a mesternek még a modorát is utánozzák, részben olyanok, kik bár másnemü modorban, nagyobbra való képességük híján szintén csak a külsőségek hű másolásáig jutottak el a portrait festésben. Ilyenek között aztán nem csuda, ha az eredetiségnek csekélyke teknikai szikrája is, a régi és ujabb mesterek studiuma vagy imitálása jólesö [illegible] tot kelt s mértéken felül való sikerhez juttatja a művészt, ki megcselekedte. A tömeges köznapi portrait között van egynehány ilyen kvalitásos szemfényvesztő is.

Az értő szemét nem téveszti meg a *László Fülöp* portraitserege, melynek még a gyöngébbjei is egy s más készségükkel, *Horovitztól* és *Lotztól* eltekintve, ütik a tárlat összes arcképeit. A népszerüség lajtóján, melyen annyian lecsusztak a felkapottak közül, s melynek tetején a nagyok kegye int, László rohamos gyorsasággal gurult fölfelé. Könnyen tehette: az igazi nagyok nagy vivódásainak sulya nem huzta lefelé. Egy bizonyos foku rajzoló készség és teknikai biztosság elérése után, ami nélkül a tetszetős cifrálkodás lehetetlen, gondtalanul vetette magát némely nagyok modorának studiumára. És ez a studiuma nem elegyedett nála az egyéni vonásaival, hanem külö alkotásain a maga eredeti mivoltában. Teknikai ügyessége, virtuozitása megóvta őt az imitálás vádjától, de feltűnő volt, miképp változott meg pár esztendő alatt festésének egész modora. Reynoldstól legujabban eljutott Lenbachig s most kiállitott munkáiból a Lenbach hatásos modora szól felénk, persze Lenbachnak legtöbbször rembrandti egyszerüsége és ereje nélkül. A német mester modora és fogásai a László aprólékos kvalitásai között nem éppen jó társaságban vannak. László alakjai kacérkodnak a vászonról, s a kacérság nemcsak a nőnél, a képnél is olcsó eszköze a feltünésnek. Ez a kicsinyes tetszelgés, edeskés cifrálkodás ellentétben van a be-

Mai számunk 16 oldal.

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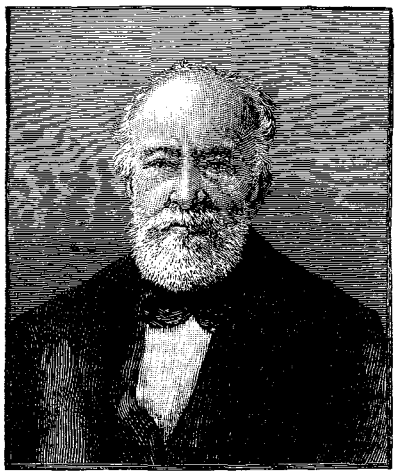
attempts were made to bring about an understanding. Every prominent Hungarian statesman looked at the *Pesti Napló* as the one organ of publicity through the columns of which such men as Count Julius Andrássy, Baron Eötvös and Dr. Max Falk voiced their opinions upon every important question.

The proudest day of the *Pesti Napló* was when, in 1865, an article appeared in its columns, headed "From the Pen of Francis Deák." It contained the provisions of a treaty that would be acceptable to Hungary, and after two years of bickering the Austrian Government gave in, and every suggestion made in that newspaper article was incorporated in the "Ausgleich" between Austria and Hungary. Hardly had a constitutional government been formed in Hungary when the then editor of the *Pesti Napló*, Sigismund Kemény, began to oppose the ministry. For fully twenty-five years the paper was the most pronounced organ of the Opposition to the Liberal Party, not opposing its principles, but its personnel, and, serving no other end but the venting of the spite of its editors, it soon lost all its influence. In 1895, however, one of the most brilliant journalists of Hungary, Ambros Negényi, became its editor, and under him the paper once more assumed its importance of olden days.

Ambros Negényi is nearly sixty years of age, and started early in his journalistic career. He has spent perhaps twenty years in France, Germany, Italy and England, and his letters to the *Pesther Lloyd* soon made a name for him. In 1870 he returned to Budapest and became editorial writer for the *Pesti Hirlap*. His brilliant pen won him admiration in political circles, and as a result of his services to the Liberal Party he was elected as member of Parliament in 1876, and has been re-elected ever since. All



LOUIS KOSSUTH.

sorts of honours were showered upon him, he became the permanent chairman of the finance committee, and secretaryships in various ministries were offered to him, but he longed to be the editor of a great paper. Jókai had started the *Hon*, abandoned it, then gone over to the *Nemzet* and made a success of it, then why should not Negényi do the same? Every arrangement was made to start a new daily, when Joseph Vészi, the editor of the *Napló*, died, and no one wanted to carry on the losing venture. Here was Negényi's chance, and he availed himself quickly of the opportunity. He bought the good-will, and immediately the paper became an upholder of the Liberal Party. Through its columns Negényi thunders and his friend, Imre Halász, pleads; and so strong are the personalities of these two men, and so much confidence is reposed in their integrity, that to-day the *Pesti Napló* exercises a greater influence in Hungary than all the rest of the papers together. In appearance it is neat, and in the matter of its contents it offers a great variety to its readers. In its feuil-

1899. HARMINCZHARMADIK ÉVFOLYAM. 322. SZÁM. BUDAPEST, KEDD, NOVEMBER 21.

EGYETÉRTÉS

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leton every day some of the most promising Hungarian writers discuss art, the drama, literature; short stories are also published and a serial novel runs through its pages.

The *Nemzet,* founded and edited by Maurus Jókai, is the closest rival of the *Pesti Napló.* The personality of its editor permeates the whole paper, and while of late, owing to the age of Jókai and to his inability to do much work for the paper, politically it has been outstripped by its rival, the *Nemzet,* it is the literary paper *par excellence* of Hungary. Jókai knows how to encourage and cheer young writers, and in his paper most of the younger authors of Hungary have presented their works to the general public. Jókai himself contributes only occasionally to the *Nemzet;* ever since he has been appointed a member of the Upper House (House of Lords) his political influence has been on the wane, and in reality he is no longer the editor of the paper. Younger men have taken the reins into their hands, and Jókai, who has been identified with Hungarian journalism for nearly fifty years, does not seem anxious to keep at it any longer.

The *Pesti Hirlap* and the *Budapesti Hirlap,* edited, respectively, by Dr. Béla Kennedy and Francis Csajthay, are other representatives of the personal newspapers of Hungary. Both are supporters of the Liberal Party and both editors are members of Parliament. Still, nothing more different can be imagined than the make-up of these two papers. The *Pesti Hirlap* is flippant, jeering and sneering; the *Budapesti Hirlap* grave, argumentative and serious. To Dr. Kennedy nothing appears important, to Mr. Csajthay the smallest trifles assume a vast proportion. The *Pesti Hirlap* prefers the paragraph style of writing, the *Budapesti Hirlap* prides itself upon the polish and finish of its articles. And both of them flourish and are widely read.

The *Egyetértés* is the only important newspaper that stands out for a total separation of Hungary from Austria. It is the organ of the Independent Party, and that old fighter, Martin Dienes, is its editor. The press being absolutely free in Hungary, the language this old parliamentarian frequently uses is rather forcible and picturesque. For a time, to please the Austrian authorities, Mr. Dienes made his appearances quite frequently in the courts, being accused of uttering treason, *læsa maiestas,* and other supposed breaches of the press laws; but the juries invariably brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and for the last few years no one has ever thought

Budapest, 1900. XXII. évf. 37. (6999.) szám. Szerda, február 7.

PESTI HIRLAP

Tisztviselők dolgai.

of haling the editor to the law courts for any incendiary leading article he might please to write.

Few people outside of Hungary understand the Magyar language, and as early as 1854 it became apparent that a paper in German was an absolute necessity to acquaint foreign countries with the true state of affairs in Hungary. Thus the *Pesther Lloyd* was founded, and from its first issue until to-day Dr. Max Falk, parliamentarian, scholar, financier and journalist, has been its editor. The *Pesther Lloyd* comes nearer the best English papers than any other newspaper on the continent of Europe. Its leading articles are always written with clearness, precision and understanding, and even its form is that of the great English papers. From the French papers it copies the custom of having all its important articles signed, if not fully, at least by some initial or mark; and every month the paper publishes a full list of its contributors and explains the meanings of the signatures.

Budapest, 1899. XIX. évfolyam 321. sz. Vasárnap, november 19.

BUDAPESTI HIRLAP

Főszerkesztő és laptulajdonos: Rákosi Jenő.

Szerkesztőség és kiadóhivatal: VIII. ker., Rökk Szilárd-utca 4. sz.

Két felelet.

Budapest, nov. 19.

A kvóta-tárgyalás eredménytelensége kétségkivül növelte a politikai helyzet zavarát és izgalmát. A bizonytalanság érzete a közös elintézés alá eső többi kérdésre nézve is megnövekedett a lelkekben, a minek bizonyitéka az a két interpelláció, melyet a képviselőház mai ülésén tettek. Az egyik interpelláció Ugron Gáboré volt a valuta rendezésére szánt arany sorsáról, továbbá a hitelviszonyokról. A másik Rakovszky Istváné, a melyben a valutaarányon kivül arról is volt szó, mily biztositéka van kormányunknak arra nézve, vajjon a viszonosság január elsején a Lajtán tul is életbe fog-e lépni és ha ily biztositéka nincs, történt-e előkészület arra, hogy gazdasági életünk rázkódásoknak ki ne legyen téve?

A miniszterelnök szavaiból kitünt, hogy a kormány, méltányolva a kérdésen fontosságát és aktualitását, egyenesen szükségesnek tartja a nemzet tájékoztatását és lehető megnyugtatását. Ez az oka, hogy a két interpellációra azonnal megkaptuk a két feleletet, még pedig a körülményekhez képest elég kimeritő és megnyugtató feleletet.

A miniszterelnök válaszában hosszabban foglalkozott Fuchs ur és társainak magatartásával s ezt egyenesen elitélte. E mellett azonban figyelmeztette a képviselőházat, hogy ezeknek a határozatoknak igen nagy sulyt ne tulajdonitson. Lukács szerint hatásuk legfölebb annyi lesz, hogy az öt koronások kiverotését néhány napra elodázza. A miniszterelnök elég nyiltan utalt is arra, mi lesz az osztrák kormány politikája. Vagy ratifikálja az osztrák parlament a 14. §. alapján tett intézkedéseket, vagy pedig azok fönn fognak állani ennek a sokat emlegetett szakasznak alapján továbbra is. Hogy meddig, arról nem tett emlitést, de azt kell hinnünk, hogy mindaddig, mig nem akad osztrák többség, mely a ratifikációt megadja. Ezt akarják, ugy látszik, elérni, ha kell radikális rendszabályok, esetleg alkotmányváltoztatás árán is. Ebben ma már nincsen lehetetlenség.

Kormányunk egyébként kivánja, hogy a megoldást alkotmányos eszközökkel vigyék keresztül, de ha ez tisztára lehetetlenné válnék, lesz erő és képesség benne, hogy érdekeinknek érvényt szerezzen. El van készülve és nem is kér semmiféle uj felhatalmazást. Széll a módok és eszközök tekintetében természetesen nem nyilatkozott, de eddigi magatartása, a pártok mindenike által elismert őszinte férfiassága alapján megkivánhatja a nemzettől, hogy benne bizzék, hiszen a vid néhány hét ugy is mielőbb lejár.

Lukács a valutarendezés lassu menetének okait fejtegette s védekezett az ellen, mi- ha az megakadt volna. Az ide vonatkozó törvények nagy része csak januárban lép életbe, megfeneklésről tehát szó sincs. Hallgatott azonban azokról a gazdasági téren mutatkozó nehézségekről, a melyek sokak nézete szerint az egész akció sikerét kétségessé tehetik. Pedig annyi kétségtelen hogy ha az aranyvaluta megvalósul, közgazdasági téren az a csodatévő hatása, a mit tőle vártak, elkövetkezni nem igen fog. Az idegen milliók nem fognak beözönleni azzal a mohó gyorsasággal, mint az optimisták hirdették.

A pénz, mint látjuk, világszerte megszükült s az aranyat még Anglia is féltékenyen őrzi. Pedig neki van legtöbb, de hihetetlenül fejlődő ipara és kereskedelme a hitel, cheque és egyéb szurrogátumok mellett is mind nagyobb mennyiséget nyel el.

Mikor fog ebben a tekintetben gyökeres változás beállani, azt igazán nem mernők megmondani. Nem mondotta meg a pénzügyminiszter sem, a mi talán a maga szempontjából okos dolog volt, de ránk nézve nem igen vigasztaló.

A BUDAPESTI HIRLAP TÁRCÁJA.

A gyökeres ur.

— A *Budapesti Hirlap* eredeti tárcája. —

A pesti lapokban évek óta olvasom, hogy mi száz meg száz milliót öltünk bele a fiumei kikötőbe. A dolog folkeltette kiváncsiságomat s lementem, hogy kikeressem azt a pontot, a hol mi a milliókat a vizbe öltük. Ugy képzeltem, hogy ott valami siremlék áll, melyre halottak napján a pénzügyminiszter mindig koszorut tesz.

A tengert megtaláltam, de a siremléket nem. A milliókat sem. Azt is konstatáltam a városban, hogy a magyar pénzemet mindenütt szivesen elfogadják, de a magyar szavamat nem. Különös nép ez a fiumei. Kétségbeesetten védekezik a magyarositás ellen s szaladt olaszból szlávvá vedlik. Épp ugy, mint a szász, melynek egy ellensége van — az oláh. S ezt nem veszi észre.

Ezt különben csak mellesleg érintem. A vezércikkiró föladata, hogy a sötétben tévelygő nemzetiségeket a világosságra vezesse. A tárcairó föladata, hogy a már világosságon levőket oktassa és szórakoztassa.

Én a legutóbbit választom.

Fiuméban találkoztam Putyi Gedeon urral, a kit onnan ösmerek, hogy a *Japán*-kávéházban a pikkoló-feketéhez öt darab cukrot szokott kérni. Ebből azt következtettem, hogy cukorgyári utazó. Később rájöttem, hogy magánhivatalnok.

A cukorgyári utazó és a magánhivatalnok közt az a különbség, hogy a cukorgyári többet utazik, mint a mennyit szeretne, a magánhivatalnok pedig kevesebbet. Mert ritkán van szabadsága. Egy ilyen ritka szabadságot élvezett éppen Putyi ur Fiuméban.

— Ön itt? kérdé Putyi ur s a vállamra ütött.

— Én itt — feleltem.

— S mióta?

— Öt nap óta.

— Bravo.

Ezzel elhallgatott.

— S ön mióta? — kérdém viszont.

— Tiz nap óta.

— Bravó! — feleltem én is rá.

Erre ujra elhallgattunk. Tévedés azt hinni, hogy az emberek a közéletben is olyan stilusban beszélgetnek, mint a vigjátékokban.

— Mikor utazik haza? — kérdé ujra Putyi ur.

— Ma este.

— Ma este? Bravó!

— S ön?

— Én is ma este.

— Bravó!

Megint elhallgattunk. Hogy milyen alaposan érdekes Fiume mellett a tenger, azt csak most láttam. Mert e szellemtelen diskurzusra okvetlenül fül kellett volna háborodnia.

— Képzelje, milyen kedves meglepetés ért, — folytatta Putyi ur.

— Nem képzelem.

— Nem is képzelheti: egy barátomtól, a ki Abbáziában fürdőorvos, egy *gyökeret* kaptam ajándékba.

— Gyökeret? Ez érdekes.

— Ugy-e érdekes? Sok mindenfélét kaptam már ajándékba, de gyökeret soha.

— Söt hazánkban, azt hiszem, ön az első ember, a ki gyökeret kapott. A mi például engem illet, rólam is mindent elmondhatnak az emberek, de azt nem, hogy gyökeret kaptam.

— No, ugy-e?

(Miféle gyökér lehet ez? Foggyökér, pálmafagyökér, kókuszdiófagyökér? Vagy valami abbáziai specialitás? Elhiszer, óralánc csecsebecse, sétapálca? Nem mertem megkérdezni.)

— S mit fog csinálni a gyökérrel? — kérdém.

— Mit? Azt valóban nem tudom. Erre még nem gondoltam.

(Tehát nem valami apróság, a melynek rendeltetése kétségtelen. Ennyit már tudok.)

— Engedjen meg egy kérdést, Putyi ur. Tudtommal különféle gyökerek vannak a világon. Honnan való gyökér az öné?

— Azt hiszem, Indiából, minthogy orvos barátom egy hindu matróztól vásárolta.

— Nem mutathatná meg?

— Sajnálom, de gondosan el van pakkolva, s csak Budapesten fogom kibontani.

— Hogy néz ki? Bocsássa meg laikus kérdésemet, de tudja, a gyökér többnyire a föld alatt van s ritkán jut hozzá az ember.

— Olyan hosszu, selymes szőre van mint az árvalányhaj. Többet én sem tudok, mert még nem láttam. Féltem, hogy ha fölbontom, nem tudom ujra bepakkolni. Csak annak örülök, hogy milyen nagy öröme lesz otthon szegény jó anyámnak, mikor megtudja, hogy egy gyökeret hoztam haza.

— Persze, — mondám szememet törölgetve. — talán életének ez lesz az első gyökere s ön talán az első fia a világtörténelemben, a ki édesanyját gyökérrel lepi meg. Boldog anya, a kinek ilyen fia van!

Mai számunk 36 oldal.

Besides being recognised as the official organ of the Hungarian Government, the *Pesther Lloyd* has the best foreign correspondence in Continental Europe. Max Nordau, for instance, writes for it from Paris, and his *Conventional Lies* was first published in the feuilleton of the *Lloyd*. Every important novel of Jókai appeared serially in its pages, and no matter what language a good novel appears in, a German translation of it is sure to be found soon in the *Lloyd*. To theatrical, musical, literary and other artistic matters it gives as good consideration as does the *Neue Freie Presse*, and for a well-rounded, dignified newspaper it has few equals anywhere.

A newspaper which is not printed at all is the *Telephoni Ujság* (Telephone News), which gives the news of the day over the telephone wires in intervals from half an hour to two hours. This is a remainder from the millennial exhibition, and is being continued because the enterprise is a well-paying one.

One point must be made at the close of this article. Generally speaking, the press in Hungary is owned and controlled by the Jews; most of the men engaged in journalism are Jews, and Mr. Zangwill did not exaggerate very much when he tells us that the editor of the *Pesther Lloyd* had the one non-Jew on his paper called in to show to Mr. Zangwill that not every one of his employés was of the chosen race. Perhaps it is because of this remarkable condition that while in Austria anti-Semitism is rampant, we do not hear of any anti-Jewish movements in Hungary, though it contains three times as many Jews as does the larger and more thickly populated Austria.

Eugene Limedorfer.

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CONCERNING "SAPHO"

The agitation set on foot not long ago regarding Miss Nethersole's production of *Sapho* has at last become more than a matter of purely local interest, and is receiving much attention from the press throughout the entire country. It has raised once more the old question of what constitutes indecency in literary and dramatic portraiture of life, and it suggests the further question of the desirability of a censorship. Both questions are very difficult ones, and both might be discussed interminably. Let it suffice here to set down a few fundamental principles which ought not to be disregarded.

Since the press began a sort of crusade against *Sapho,* the present writer has been asked again and again to give his personal opinion as to whether the book is immoral, and whether the play is indecent. Most of these requests have come in telegrams, and a categorical answer has been demanded. I have not made any reply to such inquiries, because no intelligent person would think of settling so delicate a question in so offhand a way. The truth is, that the decency or the indecency of almost anything in life is to be determined, not by any abstract rules, but by circumstances, by motive and by many other considerations that are always to be weighed and carefully regarded in each special case. For instance, to appear in the streets divested of all clothing is indecent, but to walk about one's room in the same way is not. The nude in art may be made to suggest only what is beautiful and innocent and graceful; and again it may pander to the vilest appetites of the lecher. Almost everything of this sort is relative and not absolute, and the mature, well-disciplined and liberal mind will always recognise the fact.

Take, for instance, the book *Sapho* which Alphonse Daudet wrote, and dedicated to his sons to be read by them when they should have reached the age of twenty years. It is one of the world's great books, the only thing which Daudet wrote that can hope for immortality. It is a terrible, truthful, pitiless picture, in the first place, of the woman who has frankly and freely abandoned herself to a life of lawless love, and who, finding herself near the time when her fascinations are fading, and when amid all her physical charm there is beginning to creep in a premonition of decay—of haggard eyes, of flabby flesh, of pallor, of wanness, of decay. And in the second place, there is the picture of the enervating and corrupting influence of such a woman upon the man in whose fresh, untainted, generous love she tries to renew her youth, like those creatures of classical mythology who, in the guise of beautiful women, lured into their caves young men, whose blood they sucked until no life was left in the bodies that had been, a little while before, so full of joy and bouyancy and vigour. *Sapho* is written as a great literary artist writes when he finds a theme that calls for the full exertion of his powers. It is written soberly, sincerely, and without a thought of either prudery or pruriency. In it Daudet leads you to the brink of frightful chasms and bids you look down into their ghastly depths; but he does it with a sadness, almost a solemnity of manner, that is indescribably impressive. The mature reader of this book, one who approaches it in the spirit of the remarkable man who wrote it, will find there no indecency, and he will bear away from its reading only a shuddering horror at this tragedy of two human souls.

But the play? The play is an artistic abomination, a vulgarisation of everything that it has taken from the book. The book is pathetic; the play is maudlin. The book is a tragedy; the play is a travesty. The true interest of the book is psychological; the only interest of the play is physical. But this is not the whole of what we have to say. The play has not merely so warped the motive of the book as to make of the drama nothing more than a series of crude pictures of a strumpet's life; but the promoters of the play in their "press notices" sought to stress its most objectionable features, to create in the public mind a morbid curiosity regarding it, to produce the impression that it reeked with gross indecency, and to let this stand as its chief attraction. Now, there is nothing in the play that is especially startling in itself—nothing more than was to be seen in *Zaza,* for example. Had it been brought out simply on its merits as a play, and

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without having so much pornographic suggestion thrown about it, it probably would not have caused so great a sensation nor have had a lengthy run; for it is, in fact, rather a dull affair, and drags its slow length along till midnight, becoming more and more monotonous and tiresome with each act. But, unfortunately, the audiences who went to see it, went with the special purpose of finding in it all sorts of unspeakable things.

And this is why the play became really a public offence, because every one viewed it in the spirit of those who were wont to peep through the *rima* of a Roman *lupanar*.

And something more deplorable has occurred. Until the play gained for the whole theme so unsavoury a notoriety, the great and sorrowful book of Daudet had been read by few outside the circle of those who could rightly understand it and feel all its essential power and pathos. But now, because of what has been said and done regarding the wretched play, every one with a nose for nastiness has rushed for the book, and it is hawked about in cheap editions whose vendors sell the novel with a grin to those who buy it with a leer. Sold thus and read thus, the novel itself is debased, and now ministers to the curiosity of the depraved and prurient.

There are two kinds of cant, two kinds of hypocrisy, both of which are unfortunately common. The first kind scents evil in everything that touches upon certain subjects, no matter in what spirit it is done, and recoils with as much horror from Mr. James Lane Allen's *Summer in Arcady* as from the adventures of Casanova. But still more repulsive is the cant and the hypocrisy of those who think that any sort of vileness should be exploited if only it be done under the forms of "art," or with the disgusting pretence that it, after all, inculcates "a moral lesson," or because it is all "life"—as if one needed to roll in filth in order to discover that it is unclean, or, as Mr. William Winter expresses it, to swallow a decayed fish in order to know that it is not fresh.

As to a censorship, the best censorship is that of the father and the mother. It is not the mature person who is injured by anything that is acted on the stage or printed in the book; but it is the young boy and the young girl whom our careless, easy-going American traditions allow to go almost anywhere and to read and see almost anything. We are rapidly importing much of the literature and the art of the French. Let us also import a little of the strictness and the discriminating control which mark the government of the French household, and we can then leave the police to deal with the grosser violations of decency and order.

H. T. P.

THE CLUB BINDERY

The exhibitions of bookbindings which have been held from time to time at the Grolier Club have shown conclusively that for the best and most artistic binding the collector and lover of books has had to employ French and English workmen. Independently of the greater care and skill exercised abroad in the more important portions of the work, such as the sewing, forwarding and covering, the Frenchman especially displays an artistic skill in decoration hitherto unattainable on this side of the water. It therefore seemed imperative that a valuable or valued book requiring re-binding, and especially any restorations or cleaning, should be sent abroad.

In order to avoid this necessity, some members of the Grolier Club determined upon the establishment of a bindery in New York which should at least rank with the best in Europe, thus no longer exposing valuable books to the vicissitudes of transportation by sea and land, avoiding the delay this involved, and the impossibility of giving the personal counsel and instructions often necessary to the production of good work and the selection and proper execution of appropriate and tasteful designs. Those who have given the subject any special attention are also aware that the larger portion of fine bindings, even those by the most skilful Parisian artisans, are copied

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from old models, dating back any time previous to the year 1800. It seemed therefore desirable not only to make an effort to raise the standard of workmanship in this country, but to introduce into the decoration of the bindings more original and artistic designs.

An association called the Club Bindery was formed by some members of the Grolier Club, subscribing for stock or shares a sum of money sufficient to furnish the necessary working capital, and the bindery was thus started about four years ago. The proper development of the undertaking and the attainment of a high standard of excellence in the execution of the work required time, patience, and experience only to be had from practical experiment. For completeness of equipment the Club Bindery is now inferior to no establishment of its kind, either at home or abroad. The management is under the direction of a committee appointed by the stockholders, whose requirements or orders for work are executed before any may be accepted from non-shareholders.

The primary object is not to see how cheaply but how well work can be done, with, of course, due attention to economy, and the prices charged are in all cases based upon the cost of the material used, and the actual wages paid to the workmen, a sufficient percentage being added to cover the rental of the premises occupied, the running expenses, and to provide for the payment, if possible, of interest upon the amount of stock issued.

The shareholders may furnish "tools" and materials for any special work or designs they wish to have executed.

The books are bound as nearly as possible in the order in which they are received, and prompt payment is expected when they are completed, as there is no margin of profits from which to provide any large working capital.

There are few productions requiring skilful labour more likely to deceive ordinary observation than the binding of a book. All of the most important portions of the work, such as the cleaning, repairing, squaring up of the sheets, the careful sewing upon raised bands, putting on of the boards, etc., in short, all the operations requisite to a good binding, may be slighted: done with poor material and in a slovenly or hasty manner by the use of glue or paste instead of honest sewing; the morocco pared down for ease and facility of covering until there is neither solidity nor durability left. These deficiencies and imperfections, supplemented by hasty and inaccurate tooling, or gilding with impure gold, may produce a binding temporarily deceptive and pleasing to the eye. The cost is reduced, but under conditions which are precisely such as the Club Bindery seeks to avoid.

When an old book, dating from the fifteenth or sixteenth century, has met with reverses, and has to be rebound for preservation, it should be done with skill and with materials as good and durable as those originally employed upon it, so that it may if possible survive intact for a second term of three or four hundred years. The same methods are desirable for new books.

First. The Club Bindery employs the most skilful workmen it is possible to obtain.

Second. It must have the best quality of thread for the sewing, and of cord or other material for the bands.

Third. The boards, fashioned and secured to the bands by a deft hand, should be hand and not machine made. At present these can only be obtained from France. The same standard of quality is desirable for the blank leaves and linings at the beginning and end of a volume, as well as for the paste or glue employed.

Fourth. The leather or morocco must be carefully selected skins, prepared, dyed and finished with the requisite expenditure of time and patience, and free from grease or impurities.

Fifth. The tools, no matter of what design or pattern, must be of hard, dense metal, cut by hand from the solid surface (by an artist) and the gold pure, or as nearly so as it is possible to make it in leaf form.

All of the above requirements in their different departments are to be fulfilled in the production of a really good binding.

Furthermore, the coverers and finishers must be artists in their way; the former maintaining, as far as is possible with the requirements of grace of form, the integrity of the morocco; not paring

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it down unnecessarily for the purpose of saving time, so that its solidity and durability become impaired; and the latter applying his tools and the gold with a skill and individuality of impression which stamps him also as an artist.

It will therefore be readily understood that the production of a thoroughly good bookbinding cannot be effected without a corresponding expenditure of money. It is to accomplish the above-indicated results honestly and economically that the Club Bindery has been established.

A Bookman.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

I read a book because I like its sense,
I care not greatly for a Grolier,
Nor value bindings done in *repoussé*
And rarities that call for great expense:
I hate those "Agents' books" of huge pretence,
That heap statistics up as if to bray
Them in a mortar through the livelong day,
Or else the brains that brook their eloquence.

Don Quixote's dear with both the covers gone
(Keehótay'll do for pedants); Horace, too,
Will please me just as well with leather drawn;
The Amber Witch, in Cassell's tiny crew
Of paper backs, is charming on the lawn;
And Keats no richer is in gold and blue.

Charles Woodward Hutson.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER IX.

New Year's eve, 1863, had been set apart by the Village Circle as a special holiday, the intention of the members being "to see the old year out" and listen to the reading of a special paper by the pastor, Mr. Jones, which was to be replied to by Colonel Luridson. The "Corn Bug" had "taken sick," as the doctor expressed it, the morning after the meeting recently mentioned, and the case proved to be serious. Too obstinate to care for himself, the eccentric fellow neglected medical aid, and acute pneumonia, a common fatality in many parts of Kentucky, had followed, quickly succeeding an ordinary cold.

December 31st, 1863, dawned warm and sultry. The thermometer registered seventy that morning, and about noon a heavy mist settled over hill and valley. This was succeeded in the afternoon by a drizzling rain that sifted down in fine particles, which sopped the grass and stuck together the pendant dead leaves always clinging, during soft weather in midwinter, to the lower beech limbs.

The pastor arose, gracefully threw his long hair back from his forehead and mildly remarked: "Before beginning to read I will say that the title does not always clearly define the contents of a book; and while my paper deals with the subject of death, its caption is 'The Life-Line.'" Then in a slow, deliberate tone, quite in contrast to that of bald, spectacled Professor Drake, the gentle essayist read on uninterrupted and without pause until he reached the close, which was as follows:

"Let us think, then, of the end point of this drama. Since none can foresee just when the tread on the life-line will falter, let us accept that it matters little whether in the morning or the evening it be that we take the awful plunge. To-day, never to-morrow, loosens our hold of earthly problems."

Mr. Jones, raising his eyes from the paper, glanced first at Judge Elford, who, immovable, made no response, then at Professor Drake, who, leaning his head on his hands, gazed intently on the floor. Then his questioning look passed without response successively around the circle, from one to the other, and finally rested again on the face of the colonel, whose duty it was to answer the essay. Standing alone, gazing intently at the upright colonel, the parson folded his arms across his chest and deliberately said, looking directly into Luridson's eyes: "Do you know, my friend, you who are to reply to this essay, do you know when you or I will loosen our hold on the life-line? Are you prepared for the end of the game of life?"

What play of thought sped from man to man as the eyes of these two met cannot be told in words, could not be seen, but could be felt by those who caught the meeting of those eyes. 'Tis not when steel meets steel, nor when flint meets flint that the fire flies, but when steel meets flint; and so it seems that too much in unison with the parson's mind was each other mind in that circle, until the mind of Mr. Jones met the antagonistic mind of the colonel. Then the mental sparks flew, though perhaps none present, not even themselves, realised that two such opposites had met; surely none present foresaw the end.

For a second neither moved. The parson held the unfinished essay in his hand, while the colonel stoically chewed his quid of tobacco, apparently indifferent to surroundings. Then the parson's mind dominated that of the colonel, and in response to the mental question that forced its answer from him who heard no word, and yet obeyed the unspoken command, the stern colonel, looking the tranquil parson in the face, replied:

"While you were reading your sober rigmarole, pahson, I wah thinking off and on of a case in which I wah consarned in ole Virginia, and jest when you stopped and looked up I had reached the pint where I seized the gullet of the critter; and as you lowered the papah and looked me in the eye, it seemed as though that same young fellow's face rose up befoah me. But pshaw! what's the use of thinking about things that hev passed away? That fellow brought his punishment on his own head."

The colonel lapsed into silence and stared at the stove.

"Tell us all about it, or let Mr. Jones finish his essay," requested the clerk. "Go on with

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your story," urged a chorus of voices. "I relinquish the field and beg you to oblige us," added the parson, in a slightly ironical tone.

"Wall, since that day I hevn't talked about the episode, fer, as I hev already told you, there ain't no use in worrying over the troubles of another fellow, especially if the other fellow is dead, and it don't do no good, either, to think about the mistakes that other people hev made, and that there fellow made the mistake of his life then and there. The blunders of dead people should be fergotten."

Again the speaker paused. The eyes of the judge and the teacher were fastened inquiringly upon the parson, who now seemed out of place, yet preternaturally calm. After a few seconds, he spoke as with authority: "Continue your narrative, Colonel Luridson; you have said that you are not a coward."

"I hev kinder gloomy feelings to-night and can't tell a story quite as well as I should," resumed Luridson, casting a black look at the parson. "Once, over in ole Virginia, I wah walking along a meadow path smoking a cigar, thinking of nothin', as most people do when they are smoking, and as many smokers do most of the time, when suddenly I stopped just as I was about to step on a great black snake stretched in the walk. I raised my heel and stamped the head of that sarpent into the earth. I am sech a soft-hearted fool, that I can't look back at that display of brutality without shuddering. Not fer the snake; no, I hev killed hundreds of sech varmints, but fer a little baby snake that I then saw stretched beside the mother—a little innocent snake not longer than a pencil. That night there was a rain storm, and I'll swear, gentlemen, that I lay awake an hour thinking of the poor critter perishing. I am a very tender-hearted man and am not to blame if my cheek is rough."

Evidently the vain braggart was loth to describe the event of "honour" that he had unwittingly introduced. Were it not for the curious fact that Luridson was trying to argue himself into the place of a "tender-hearted man," his remarks would surely have been tiresome. As it was, the inconsistency of his position, his courteous deportment and unique language, coupled with the artifices he made to escape the "honah episode," lent a charm to the scene, in which the sombre essay of Mr. Jones was so markedly contrasted with the flippant conversation of Luridson.

"The story, please," quietly insisted the parson.

"Wall, it is not much of a story, aftah all, and I kin give it in a few words. I s'pose you admit, pahson, that back in ole Virginia there is more honah among gentlemen than there is in other places, and begging pahdon of the persons present, more gentlemen to the acre. It don't require book learning in ole Virginia to make a gentleman, neither does book learning make a gentleman anywhere, 'though as a rule, it does no harm; but, as you know, ole Virginia turns out gentlemen of both kinds, gentlemen bohn and gentlemen learned. I b'long to the first class of gents, which, begging pahdon of some of the persons present, I considah the highah class."

"The *under* class," remarked the parson dryly, "know something about your type of gentlemen. But we are all impatient to hear your 'episode,' as you call it. We know you are a gentleman, but are waiting for the story."

"Wall, suh, a gentleman of ole Virginia, of the first class can't be insulted. If a fellow attempts to insult him, either the fellow dies or the gentleman dies. In either case no dirt sticks to the gentlemen, fer his boots air on. You see, pahson, there is another phase of the matter when it comes to the question of honah, a phase that common people, low-bohn people, cannot raise themselves into. The highah strung the gentleman, the easier it is to affect his honah, and to a high-strung man the smaller the reflection the greater is the insult. Only persons of the highah order can comprehend this fact. Now, up North," and Luridson turned directly upon Mr. Jones, "where the finah qualities do not appear, where a gentleman is nevah bohn a gentleman, insults air taken that in ole Virginia would be remembered to the third generation. Colonel Clough of my county killed the grandson of the man who insulted his grandfather. Not that the colonel's grandfather did not kill his man (fer he did), not that the colonel's father did not kill the man's son (fer he did), not that the son of the man the colonel's father killed had done anything personally to injure the colonel (fer he had not), but because every killing of that family done by his descendants raised the honah of the ole colonel. There hev been twelve men shot with their boots on by the descendants of Colonel Clough, and I saw four of 'em bite the dust. You bet that family proposes to keep untarnished the honah of the great colonel."

Once more the equivocating speaker faltered, and once more Mr. Jones, as though determined to compel the delivery of the promised narrative, said in a low, insistent voice:

"Your own story, colonel, your own story."

"Wall, it ain't a long story, and it ain't the

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only episode of the kind I hev experienced. I can't see why I think of this one jest now, either, fer I hev been engaged in others more exciting, but you seem to drive me to it. There wah, fer example, jest aftah I became of age, a disturbing character in our parts who went around insulting persons generally by asking questions about their affairs, but he knew well enough who not to insult. He nevah but once touched one of the bohn gentlemen of our county, and nevah again did his tongue wag about any one. This is how it wah; one day he met one of our niggahs, and in an impudent sort of way asked a question concerning our family. Now, pahson, our family affairs air not the public's property, and when that niggah told me of the impudence of the inquisitive person, it meant pistols, and it wah pistols. It wah'n't my fault that he wouldn't shoot, and stood like a mummy with his pistol in his hand looking at me when ole Tim Warman counted three; and I guess as he felt the sting of the bullet that let out his heart's blood, that he wished he hadn't asked the niggah of a bohn gentleman whether his young mastah had reached home safely the night he drank too much licker and raised hell in the village. It ain't safe to question niggahs about their mastah's affairs."

The Virginian here turned his eyes away from the parson, who now stood as if he were an antagonist, determined not to let him escape. Lowering his tone to a key of solemn command, Mr. Jones pronounced the following question and order combined:

"Why do you evade your duty? Are you a coward, Mr. Luridson? Your last episode, not your first."

Fire flashed from the colonel's eye, for he was not accustomed to such an address; he cast a quick glance at the parson, who with folded arms stood facing him, and then, as if respecting the cloth of the man of God, or subdued by that placid gaze, turned his eyes toward the ceiling, and as though speaking in reverie continued:

"The last affair to *this* date you mean, pahson, not necessarily the last one. No man knows when he may strike a quarrel, any more than he knows jest when he may slip off the tight-rope you were preaching of," and Luridson leered in a sinister way at the parson. "You want my episode, and you seem to want it bad. Now you shall hev it, and I call these gentlemen to witness that you forced me to relate it. I'm not ashamed of my record, nor afraid to make a clean breast of it, but I hev done all a gentleman can do to save trouble, and if trouble comes it ain't my fault.

"This is the way it happened:

"I hain't much schooling, but I hev enough to ansah all the use a bohn *gentleman* has fer book learning. I went to school until I could read the newspapah and write a fair letter, and then I found it useless to spend more time with books. I didn't intend to write a novel or edit a dictionary, and I didn't propose to fool away my time on matters that were of no particular value to a gentleman of leisure, so I dropped school and turned my attention to foxes and dogs.

"Wall, that ole schoolhouse stood until this war of secession came, honerable as a schoolhouse should stand; but aftah our forces retired and the Yankee lines were advanced beyond us, the house was disgraced by this damn Freedman's Bureau.* You wouldn't believe it if a gentleman like myself didn't certify to the fact, but a Yankee wah sent to our section and a niggah school wah started in the very house where I had carved my name on the bench. Gentlemen, a *niggah* school."

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "tell us about the *'niggah'* school."

"There ain't much to tell, fer it didn't last long. A meeting of neighbourhood gentlemen followed, and I wah delegated to direct that Yankee to close the doors and leave the country."

"Well?"

"I laid the case befoah the young man who taught the school, and one word led to another until, finding that he wah determined to persist in his offensive course, I told him that he must either close that school or fight."

"And he fought you?"

"No. The long-haired varmint hadn't spunk enough to fight; he turned his back, said insolently: ''Scuse me, please, but I hev this duty to perform,' and shut the door in my face."

"And you—"

"Kicked the door down, seized the stripling by the throat and squeezed his life out. I didn't intend to kill the boy, fer he wahn't moh'n half grown; but aftah I got my clutches on his throat and thought of the insult he had given me and saw a niggah's face behind my ole desk, I grew desperate, and when I threw him onto the floor his face was as black as the skin of the niggahs around him."

"And then—"

"Nothin'. I wiped my hands on my kerchief,

*That the Freedman's Bureau was established in March, 1865, is known to the author.

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called my dogs and left the fool niggahs and their cowardly teacher. I had done my duty. I had given the Yankee and the niggahs a lesson, and I don't hev no squeams now over the episode. If he had been a bohn gentleman I would hev shot him in his tracks; but as it wah, I choked him as I would a varmint. Nothin' but a coward is ever choked to death. Perish me, if any damn, long-haired Yankee shall insult Colonel Luridson."

"What was the man's name?"

"Jones, suh, Jones. Same name as youhself, pahson, a very common name" (and Luridson sneered at the parson) "and a very ordinary man, suh."

Mr. Jones stood for a moment as if unconcerned; no change of facial expression, no movement bespeaking unusual interest in the subject so abruptly ended. Then he spoke in a soft, low tone, so sweet and mild that it is strange his voice could be heard through the roaring of the storm that now suddenly flared up—as if the closing of the story had been the signal for its tumultuous onslaught.

"See," he said, "the clock points to twelve. The New Year is upon us;" and as we turned our gaze upon the face of the clock, one by one the husky gong struck, each note of the asthmatic cry quivering hoarsely until the next peal came. At the last stroke the parson dropped upon his knees. "Let us pray," he murmured. The building trembled in the tempest, the hanging sign squeaked and cried as it flapped back and forth, the wind moaned and sung through the stovepipe, the shutters banged to and fro, but all were unheard by those who unexpectedly were called to listen to the sweet, solemn prayer of the man of God.

He prayed for his suffering country, now in the throes of civil war; for the people of the colonel in Virginia; and his brave countrymen in the Southern army; he asked blessings on the community in which himself, a man of the North, chanced then to dwell; also on his own people at home, and prayed for his own brethren in the trenches. Before closing he asked God to forgive the last speaker, who, a self-confessed murderer, stood unrepentant; and finally he murmured a prayer for the soul of the unsuspecting boy-teacher who, in cold blood, had lost his life by the hand of the murderous colonel.

Then, without rising, Mr. Jones took his note-book and pencil from his pocket, and resting his hand on the soft cushion of his vacant chair, carefully wrote a few sentences in it. Rising, he handed the book to the village clerk, who, as has been said, was also secretary of the church. "Read," he said solemnly, "read aloud," and then present it to the trustees."

The clerk read as follows:

"*To the Officers of the Stringtown Methodist Episcopal Church*:

"This, my resignation, is to take effect at once. No longer a teacher of the Word, no longer a mediator for others, I must ask others to pray for me, a sinning suppliant.

"OSMOND JONES."

Standing then erect, he faced Colonel Luridson again as he had done before; who, undaunted, returned his look with a defiant scowl.

"Pahson," said Luridson, "Pahson Jones, were it not fer youah cloth I would make you eat the insult you hev jest given me—me, a Virginia gentleman. At youah request, I told this story to please this company. You hev called me a murderah, suh—me, a gentleman of honah, suh. I will not stand the insult, pahson or no pahson—prayer or no prayer. You took advantage of youah cloth, and you shall eat youah words, or by the bones of my grandfather you will sing youah next song and breathe youah next insulting prayer in—"

"Check your wrath," interrupted the parson, without the least excitement. "Listen to me. You have told your story; now I shall tell mine. If you are a brave man you will not flinch from hearing the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I have heard your words, and you are bound to listen to what I am bound to relate, and which, notwithstanding the task you have imposed upon me, I shall tell as deliberately as you have spoken."

CHAPTER X.

"Inscrutable Providence has led us together, colonel, me from the North and you from the South. That we are both of one honourable people is evidenced from the fact that from Bennington and from Saratoga, to the moss-clad Southern glades where Marion camped, our ancestors fought for a common cause, freedom for the white man. Shoulder to shoulder your ancestors and mine faced the same enemy, each patriot ready and willing to die for the land he loved, a land dear alike to North and South. Nobler men never lived than our forefathers, colonel; for while yours, on the verge of starvation, were fighting in Virginia, mine, half frozen and with empty stomachs, were battling in New England. Thank God for the patriots North and South, who gave us a country of which both have great reason to be proud.

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"You have given your version of an affair in which you participated, you a descendant of a Revolutionary hero who served and died with Washington. You selected what you consider the proper method of righting a fancied wrong, the manly way to maintain the 'honour' of your distinguished grandfather and yourself. Now, I will give the history of the man you killed, who, like yourself, was a descendant of a soldier who faced the British enemy, and fell near where now stands the monument of Bunker Hill. You who live and him you killed, with your different methods of life, were neither of you the descendants of cowards."

Either the speaker's voice had insensibly fallen, or the storm without had increased in violence to such a degree as to overcome its low murmur. To me the words were scarcely audible, and as the last sentence was spoken a pause ensued in which I heard only the shrieking of the frantic wind. In a louder tone, the parson resumed his discourse:

"There are good reasons, Colonel Luridson, why men cannot see life's duties exactly alike; and while I freely overlook your extravagant ideas of personal honour, it is a pity you cannot have equal charity for the views of my people. You were raised in the South, I was brought up in the North. Your land is balmy and pleasant most of the year, mine cold and cheerless. Your soil is easily cultivated and productive of great returns, our land is hilly and covered with granite boulders, around the bases of which men search with the hoe to find a nest here and there for a few grains of hard, yellow, scrub-flint corn. Your winters are so mild that stock scarcely seek for shelter, and your herds graze in open air the year through; our winters are so long that when spring comes the entire crop of the summer has been consumed in feeding a very limited number of animals. You became the heir of plenty by the result of that battle for freedom, in which both our ancestors served so valiantly, while it brought to us only a barren heritage. While you have been free to roam at will, watching for fancied insults and cultivating belligerent passions, I have been compelled to work unremittingly, and thus our distinctive environments have created our different views of life. Each of us should in consequence have forbearance for the other. I had to gain a livelihood, and was forced to spend the results of my little savings to secure the education necessary for the ministry, while you were provided for by the property you inherited, and were not obliged to labour."

Here the parson was interrupted by the grocer, who, ever mindful of his guests, stepped forth and heaped the fire with coal; the long-legged clerk, who had never before been known to move the relic of a chair on which he sat, actually broke the record and hitched it toward the stove. Mose, the Jew—patient, pleasant Mose, incapable of sarcasm or hatefulness even when his people had been abused by idle-mouthed Gentiles, and whose face had never before lost its smile, now drew his nail-keg seat a foot forward, even edging himself into the circle of Gentiles.

"Isn't this a fearful night to be on picket duty? God help our exposed brethren of the North and South," said Professor Drake. There was no reply, and the eyes of the spectators turned again to the actors before them. The colonel, now pressing the preacher to the climax, as the preacher had previously done to him, said:

"Let's have the story, pahson, not an oration about our common pedigree. I don't catch the connection."

"The story you soon shall have, sir; I wished to show that you and I may each revere the memory of the other's ancestors. I wished also to remove the stigma you have tried to cast over the man you killed, and to say, colonel, that your honoured ancestor fought for his country, as thousands of noble Southern soldiers are now doing, and as Colonel Luridson is *not* doing. Your ancestors of Revolutionary fame did not choke stripling lads with pens in their hands in behalf of falsely imputed insults, sir."

Involuntarily the colonel's hand sought his back pocket, but as he made the movement two members of the circle sprang to their feet. The parson waved them back, and pointing his finger in the colonel's face, calmly remarked:

"Shame, shame, colonel! I haven't even a pen; besides, I have not told my story; you are bound in honour to listen patiently to my story."

"Then be quick about it, and be careful of youah words, or I won't promise fer my temper. Jest now you came near going to the other Jones, and ancestors or no ancestors, cloth or no cloth, I warn you not to rile me ag'in."

The clergyman, without noticing the blustering remark, spoke on:

"I was born and reared in New England, where men, women and children must work for their living, and I assure you they consider it honourable to do so. I was the younger of two boys, and older than two sisters. Our

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little home nestled at the base of a mountain spur, within a short journey of the ill-fated historical Willey House, and there, hidden in a nook that even tourists seldom find, the days of our peaceful child life came and went. Before our cottage stretched a small meadow, through which wound a clear brook fresh from the birch-covered mountain in its rear. One corner of this meadow was a garden, and included also a small rye field, which gave us our dark rye bread. We had not much beyond the necessities of life, but we were happy. We roamed the mountain side Saturday afternoons, caught fish in the brook and helped our father till his little fields. In winter evenings we cracked nuts, ate apples and listened to our aged grandmother's stories of wolves, Indians and of the revolutionary wars; during winter we attended a neighbourhood school. You never beheld such scenes as we sometimes witnessed there; you have never ploughed your way to school through waist-deep snow nor slept in the garret under the clapboards and waked to find the snow sifted in furrows across the coverlet.

"Such environments teach us to love one another more dearly, bring us closer together, strengthen family and neighbourly ties, make our joys a pleasure to others, and move others to mourn with us in sorrow, bind human lives into one, give to us faith, hope and charity.

"You spoke of the fine sense of honour that exists among your people, but, my brother, could you have been schooled, as I have been, to think of the sorrowing friends, the mourning wife, children or sweetheart, and the agony with which love looks into an open grave, your 'tender' heart, which bleeds at the recollection of a dying baby snake, would not forget its tenderness and gloat over cold-blooded murder in behalf of wounded 'honour'."

As in harmony with these pathetic words, as if to impress their force upon that little circle, at this point the building trembled more violently than ever, the storm's fury seeming even to bend it out of its upright position, and, springing from its seat on the topmost shelf, a glass fruit jar shivered into fragments on the floor directly between the two upright men.

But the cry of wind and crash of glass were unheeded by the spell-wrapped actors who stood facing each other, and the audience began now to realise that these two men were personally concerned in both the story the Virginian had told and that which the parson was relating.

The colonel stoically gazed at vacancy, and to the last remark made no reply. The pastor continued: "Thus my boyhood days were spent until my brother grew to manhood, and I, but two years younger, stood upon its edge; my dear sisters were in the early bloom of maidenhood; my aged grandmother, with her stories of the long ago, had gone to eternal rest, and my patient, loving mother, like a guardian angel, moved quietly about the house, thoughtful of all but herself, typical of thousands of New England mothers who forget themselves in their plodding life-work."

The parson's utterance failed him for a moment, and the valiant colonel actually brushed away an emotional tear.

"Mr. Luridson," remarked the parson, "I'm thinking now of a typical New England winter, during which there was never a thaw after the opening snow flew; every day after November first the frost crept deeper, every night the cold grew stronger, and when the days began to lengthen we had already experienced winter enough for the whole season. It had been decided long previously that I should go to an academy to study for the ministry, and each member of our family had scrimped and saved for years, in order to gather together the necessary means. My devoted sisters had even spent several summers as dining-room waiters in a neighbouring mountain hotel, adding by this sacrifice their earnings to the family hoard. But God moves in mysteries; the week after New Year's day my father was kicked by our horse and instantly killed. We were drawn to the churchyard by the same horse; and as we bowed our heads about the open grave, colonel, the snow which had been shovelled aside stood on a level as high above the earth's surface as the pit before us sunk beneath it. Next day the winds swept back the snow drift, and a cloak of pure, unruffled whiteness told that God conducted the close as well as the opening of that drama. God was with me then, but God only knows, my brethren, whether the hand of Providence is with me now.

"We returned to our desolate home and spent as best we could the remainder of the sad winter; but with returning spring and the cares of the sugar bush our sorrow abated, for the duties of life cannot be thrown aside even at the behest of grief; and he who best serves his Creator looks not backward, as you yourself have said, colonel. Realising that I had no chance now for my contemplated education, my ambition was thrown aside, and the usual life cares were resumed. How long this ran I cannot say, but long enough to give me many heartaches over withered prospects. Still, the

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unexpected often happens. Friends, you cannot imagine the joy that followed the reception of a precious letter. Our Congressman, unbeknown to us, had interested himself in our behalf with the Freedman's Bureau; my brother received by mail a great envelope marked 'Official,' and in it came an appointment as—school-teacher—in—Virginia."

The colonel, whose gaze had been riveted upon the ceiling, shot a quick glance at the speaker, and seemed about to say something that remained, however, unspoken; evidently he had anticipated the closing information, and after the sudden start he stoically settled back to his former position. Mr. Wagner stopped whittling; Professor Drake, uncomfortable, busied himself in straightening the edges of a pile of books; Judge Elford grimly chewed his quid, seeming not in the least discomposed. The pastor stood motionless a moment, apparently lost in thought, then he slowly took his notebook and some papers from an inner pocket and handed them to Mr. Wagner, saying: "Please mail these to-morrow to the address inscribed on the fly-leaf of the book."

At these words Luridson turned half way toward the wall, and drew his half-closed hand from his hip pocket; from where I sat an object could be seen in its palm which glistened like a bright bar of iron; a click followed, the hand returned the gleaming object to its former place, and the colonel stood immovable before the pastor.

The wind without lulled at this juncture, and taking one step nearer the colonel, the pastor continued, in a soft, tremulous tone: "Need you be told what followed? A telegram, a sobbing mother, distracted sisters, brother on bended knees, alone, in an attic room, registering with God an oath to revenge the infamous crime and not to relent until the murderer had been brought to judgment. Since that day Heaven has kept me from encountering the slayer of my brother. The fellow fled, colonel, and you know, brave as you pretend to be, that he who stands before me now is a fugitive from justice and fears to go back to his Virginia home; neither does he dare to let his honourable Virginia countrymen know his hiding place. You have discredited your ancestors, you are shaming the brave Southern soldier, and have no claim on the glorious mother of States, Virginia."

The colonel made a quick motion, as if to strike the speaker, but Mr. Jones calmly held out his open hand, and in response to the silent command Luridson resumed his former position, while the pastor continued:

"Long I struggled to overcome my wrath, vainly struggled to forgive, and at last I vowed that while our Master kept us apart no intentional act of mine should bring us into conflict; but if God Almighty led us to each other I would consider that it was by His will, and for a single purpose, and—the hour has now come."

The hand of the colonel sped toward his hip pocket, but not so quickly as the pastor's arm sprang out, for as springs the tongue of a lizard, too rapid for eye to follow, so sprang the pastor's arms; and as a quivering sparrow gives one glance of despair, and one only, when falls the unexpected shadow of the hawk upon him, so gave the colonel one upward turn of the eye; and as the talons of the fierce bird of prey, crunching through bone and flesh, creep into the vitals of the death-struck bird, so crept those finger-ends into the tissues of the colonel's throat, closing the throbbing arteries beneath, damming up life's crimson current until, under the pressure of the fluttering heart, blood flowed from mouth, nose and ear, and the very eyeballs turned purple.

The teacher sprang forward, so did the judge, but too late; the crime had been committed in the space of a breath; taken by surprise, they could give the unfortunate man no help; the pent-up hatred of years had been concentrated in that fateful grasp. That wild throwing of the arms, gurgle indescribably horrible, attempted swelling of the breast, instant blackening of the face, frightful upturning of the eyeballs, followed by the rush of blood from the mouth and nostrils, were sights that haunt me yet.

As falls an unclasped garment in a heap, so sank the colonel, dead upon the floor.

Folding his bloody hands upon his breast, the pastor addressed Judge Elford: "A murderer has gone to judgment, a murderer is born for judgment; I give myself up to the law."

Paralysed, stunned with horror by what they had witnessed, the members of the circle stood like frozen figures, motionless and dumb around the erect parson and the fallen braggart. How long I know not, only I am sure that from my place in the rear, where I had crept close to old Mose, I saw the amazed group stand aghast, staring first upon the slayer and then upon his victim.

Next I beheld, as in a horrid dream, that the village doctor raised the head of the vanquished man, tore open the garments covering his chest, loosened his collar, placed a hand upon his breast and kneeled expectantly for a brief

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period, then with a shake of the head slowly arose and pronounced the awful word, "Dead." "Strange," he said, "that a single squeeze like this should be followed by death. I have seen men choked until the tongue hung out of their mouth, and yet they revived. There is no evidence of life in Luridson, however; the shock must have burst a blood vessel in his brain."

The spectators of the bloody drama now regained their self-control, the palsy passed, their minds were liberated from the stupefying spell, and simultaneously several men stepped forward. In silence the dead colonel was straightened out upon the floor and neatly covered with a strip of muslin torn from a bolt. Then a messenger with lantern in hand was dispatched for the village undertaker, and old Mose volunteered to perform the errand. During this period the pastor stood silent, with downcast eyes, and neither stirred nor seemed to breathe; the judge sat apparently apathetic, and, obeying a common instinct, the members of the circle automatically resumed their usual places, waiting for the end of the strange New Year celebration. I, however, against my will, now that the old Jew, Mose, was gone from my side, found myself crouching, shivering next the stove, near Osmond Jones, the preacher, who alone was standing. Observing me, he reached down and placed his hand gently on my head:

"Child," he mildly said, "would to God you had stayed with your mother to-night."

CHAPTER XI.

The calm which had subdued, for the time, the usually active and sometimes boisterous proceedings of the villagers was in impressive contrast with the wild uproar of the winter tempest. The storm raged if possible with increasing violence in the utter darkness around the building in which lay Colonel Luridson's stark corpse, surrounded by many who watched, but no one who deeply mourned. The judge at last rose, and was about to speak, for the very silence had become oppressive, when the door of the room was flung open, and old Cupe, the faithful slave of the "Corn Bug," with the incoming blast burst into the midst of the startled company. Dazzled by the brightness, he stared about the room, and it could be seen that he was benumbed and suffering with cold. His garments were covered with ice, his beard was hidden in frost. Catching sight of the physician, neglecting the bright stove that must have seemed so grateful, he impulsively exclaimed:

"Quick, doctah, quick, Ma'se am dyin'; he wan's yo' too, pahson; quick, pahson!"

The doctor went to the door, stepped outside, returned, and closed the strong valve against the blast.

"Not this night, Cupe. A man would freeze before he could find the cabin."

"Yo' mus' go, Ma'se Dock, yo' mus' go, fo' nebbah will Ma'se lib till mahn'n."

"I will not go this night," said the doctor emphatically; and added, speaking to the circle, "It is better for one to die than that two should perish."

After a period of silence the negro's self-possession was restored, and be became again the garrulous Cupe, prone to argue regardless of the importance of the message to be delivered. Only persons familiar with the loquacious trait of the old Southern darkey, whose quaint character is now mainly a reminiscence, can realise that although the message was of the utmost importance, Cupe persisted in going through a lengthy dissertation before delivering it.

"Et don't make no diff'ence nohow," he muttered, "dah ain't no use in a doctah when deff cums a-walkin' in. Nigger signs am suah, but doctah stuff am unsartin. De sign am not ter be disembayed. What fo' did Cupe walk absent minde' like inter de house ter-day carryin' an axe on his shouldah?* Didn't Cupe kno' dat sech a sign mean' suah deff ter some pusson, an' fo' de Lawd, de debbil make him do dat awful ting. An' when Cupe t'ink ob de awfulness ob de transaction an' step back ter lebe de room, dah settin' in de op'n doo'way wah dat dawg Gawge; an' he jest look up in Cupe's eyes es sow'ful-like es ebah a dawg could look, es ef he say ter his old frien', 'Cupe, yo' hab gone an' done it, suah.' An' then when Cupe cotch the awfulness ob de 'stake an' look down at Gawge quistionin'-like, de dawg raise his head an' open his mouf an' howl long an' skeary-like, lookin' all de time in Cupe's face es moanful es de young missus in de big house on her dyin' bed look, in de long ago. God save Ma'se, dah am no 'scapin' de aftahcomes ob sech signs es dese. De sign in de ashes de night dat de boy cum out er Bluddy Hollah done pinted ter Ma'se dead dis New Yeah night. De axe sign ter-day done say he gwine ter die, an' den de dawg what set in de doo'way an' howl am de sartin sign

*To carry an implement of outdoor work into the house was a sign of death. To such an extent was this believed that the artist who sketched the portrait of old Cupe could not prevail on him to enter the house with the hoe on which he is leaning.

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ob deff, case he see deff cum'n'! But de su'est sign ob all" (and Cupe's voice became yet lower and more measured), "de su'est sign ob all am dat de cedah tree limbs what Ma'se planted am es long es a coffin now—Cupe measure dem a'gin ter-day. Yo' kin stay heah, doctah, dah ain't no use in yoah stuff nohow ef deff am in de room. De signs what nebbah fail am pintin' ter sartin deff, dah ain't no good in doctah's stuff now."

Having thus disposed of the doctor, the messenger turned to Mr. Jones.

"Ma'se wants de preachah. He didn't ask fo' de doctah; he say: 'Cupe, go fo' de pahson, I mus' see de pahson.' An' den Cupe say, sed he: 'Ma'se, did yo' make frien' wid de pahson like ole Cupe say ter do?'

"'Shet up yoah black mouf an' go fo' de pahson, an' don't wait too long, fo' I feel pow'ful weak-like,' say Ma'se, an' he give Cupe sech a look as ter say dah ain't no time ter lose.

"An' de face ob de dead missus rise up, an' Cupe heah de words ob de promise he made dat sow'ful night ter de honey chile what am an angel now. Den he say ter Ma'se: 'Ma'se, I swear ter yoah deah mudder dat nebbah de weddah should be too hot an nebbah too cole fo' Cupe ter sarve de chile Heaben sent ter her, but dis am de las' time ole Cupe kin sarve yo', Ma'se,' an' den Cupe lite out widout mo'ah circumlocution, an' heah he am. Ma'se preachah, yo' will go, suah yo' will; de sign mix yo' an' Ma'se Honey up wondahful-like."

The preacher hesitated, but not from fear of the storm. He looked at the sheet that covered the lank form of the colonel, then replied, speaking more to the audience than to the negro:

"I am not a minister—but—a murderer."

The negro gazed at him in wonder, then following the parson's glance, he stepped to the sheet and raised it cautiously, far enough only to give a view of the face of the colonel, and started back with staring eyes.

"Fo' de Lawd, Ma'se preachah, an' did yo' slew de colonel?"

"I did."

The negro's self-composure returned immediately.

"Who'd ob b'l'ebed it, Ma'se! An' yo' so weak-like. Yo' am a bettah man dan yo' looks ter be, Ma'se preachah, an' ole Cupe kno's yo' sarved him right. Go ter Ma'se Hardman, nebbah mind de colonel."

The preacher made no reply and Cupe continued:

"Didn't David slew Gilah, didn't de Lawd slew de wicked Belshazzah, didn't de people slew Stephen in de name ob de Lawd an' didn't yo' slew de wicked colonel case de Lawd want him killed?"

The parson looked inquiringly at the judge.

"Parson," responded the judge, "your resignation has never been accepted by the church. You are legally a minister now. The church must accept the resignation you wrote in order to consummate the act."

"But the murder?"

"That point is not established. If this case comes to trial, the evidence may show that you acted in self-defence. If I am not mistaken the colonel cocked his pistol while you were still talking and standing defenceless with both hands exposed. He half drew his pistol before you grasped his throat. If I am right, he now holds a loaded pistol in his hand. Let us see." And raising the sheet, the judge carefully drew the colonel's right hand from its resting place, where it had fallen partly covered by the coat, and with it came a tightly clasped pistol.

"I saw him draw the pistol," said I; "it caught in his overcoat's lining and got tangled up."

The judge regarded me curiously, and said: "Do not forget what you saw, child," and then spoke on.

"Another second and you would have been a dead man, parson; 'self-preservation is the first law of nature;' you were unarmed and had made no aggressive motion. You did your duty, Mr. Jones, and did it bravely; the case is self-defence; and, whatever may be true of New England, you need fear neither judge nor jury in Kentucky."

Still the parson hesitated.

"Go!" said the judge in a tone of authority, pointing to the door; "humanity calls."

Drawing his overcoat tightly around him, without speaking a word, the parson moved to the door, opened it, stepped outside and closed it.

"De end am not yet," said old Cupe, speaking to himself; "de sign pinted ter two men dead dis night, but de colonel wah not one ob dem. Heah am one what de sign miss. Am de sign wrong? Fool," he murmured, "fool nigger, not ter know dat two deffs couldn't cum alone in de face ob sech signs. Ef et am mo'ah dan one, et am not two, et am free er seven er nine."

"Do you remember what the 'Corn Bug' said to Mr. Jones the last time they faced each other in this room?" asked the teacher, heedless of Cupe's mutterings.

"Yes," said the judge.

"I have it written," interrupted the grocer's

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boy; turning to his stenographic book, he read: "'You haven't the spunk of a sick rabbit and you haven't the energy of a sleeping possum; you wouldn't cross the street in a shower to save the soul of a saint, and you wouldn't dare crook your finger in the face of a turtle dove for fear it would get picked.'"

"Strange," answered Professor Drake, "strange how the wheel of time turns men's words backward!"

After a long pause, rendered more impressive by the roar of the storm, Judge Elford spoke:

"You are right, professor, we must respect the parson. The unexpected has happened. This tragedy seems inexplicable. The pastor believes that God led him to this spot to meet Luridson; the colonel, could he speak, would call it luck; but students of psychology would assert that it is neither a special act of the Creator nor a turn of chance.

"Some unknown force impelled these men toward the other, him from the North, and him from the South. Something which neither man saw nor felt with his physical nerves brought them to this place and held them both here. The impression was not of the intellect, nor yet a result of thought; in no way was the sensation connected with voluntary consciousness; instead, it was a touch of the eternal spirit that governs mind and dominates actions. That home in New England and that Virginia plantation were widely separated, there were many avenues and innumerable stopping places between them, yet these two men turned their footsteps toward each other as though by appointment, came to this secluded spot in Kentucky, stopped, and, not knowing each other, remained here until they faced each other. He who sees in this catastrophe the result of chance is inexcusably thoughtless; he who charges the Creator directly with such a crime is morally insane. He who——"

At this point the bottom of the door was bulged inward by the pressure of the blast, and a current of icy air laden with sleet, round and white and hard as pearl barley, swept beneath it and over the floor. The gust that blew the hail into the room crept beneath the muslin that had been thrown over the dead man, and raised it in a wave, which, beginning at his feet, moved like a thing of life to the head. Then the escaping breeze threw that edge of the cover aside with a flap, leaving the face uncovered. A shudder crept over the audience, and, looking into the dead man's face, Judge Elford, neglecting the last sentence, continued:

"This man was both brave and cowardly. He could look into the mouth of a pistol in defence of fancied honour, yet he feared the hardships of war and shrank from exposure and fatigue. He is a fair specimen of a minority class who make themselves conspicuous by claiming to be representative Southern gentlemen, while their arrogance brings unmerited reflections on a brave people. When Luridson held himself up as a type of Southern honour he wronged two hundred thousand valiant Confederate soldiers now honourably facing their antagonists, far more than he did the gentle foe before him. He discredited the true type of Southern gentleman, of whom Mr. Nordman, on the pike above Stringtown, is characteristic, a beautiful type of cultured man, but not a braggart. Had Colonel Luridson been brave as he pretended, instead of choking an unarmed youth, and then running away, he would have been in the trenches with his valiant countrymen."

The events of the night had unnerved me; I longed to be at my mother's side, but I dreaded the darkness outside. Wherever I turned I saw before my eyes that last stare of the dead man; I could not shut it off. I listened no longer, but, summoning up all my courage, crept unheeded toward the door, which, as I unlatched it, seemed to be pressed inward by a human hand. I jumped back as I felt that movement, for vividly, as if in life, I saw the colonel's face pictured in the outer blackness. But it was imagination, the mental shadow of the object on the floor within the room. Silently I stole back, placing the stove between myself and the face of the corpse, creeping close to the chair of Mr. Wagner, who threw one of his lank arms about me. Thus protected, I squatted on my heels, gazing into the speaker's face.

"The Northern father," continued the judge, "is not more wrapped in his family than is the father in the South; the home circle is not more sacred in the North than in the South. Friends, the braggadocio such as was this man is no more a representative of the South than is the garrulous bar-room loafer of New England a representative of the people of the North.

"But Mr. Jones, with his many excellent qualities, is not less a hero worshipper than was the colonel, though he is not a self-worshipper. The dead man eulogised his own family 'honour' and abused the parson. He bragged about his Revolutionary ancestors, but not more enthusiastically than did the clergyman, whose pathetic pleading in behalf of his

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broken home was cruel in the extreme and bitingly ironical. Luridson was blunt in his conceit, and, being less expert with his words, expressed himself crudely; but Jones, being of scholarly attainments, pierced him through and through with delicate language—artistically stabbed him as with a slender blade. It was as though the scholar were carving the braggart slice by slice with a pocket lancet. That distressing story of the parson was inhumanly cruel. Its very elegance, the pathos thrown into that merciless picture of New England home life, was marvellous in its exquisite attention to details. A novelist would scarcely venture to tell the truth concerning the events we have witnessed this night, for the closer he held his pen to fact the more improbable the record would appear.

"Both these men were hero worshippers, and while the colonel's people were not faultless, the Revolutionary ancestors of the Yankee parson were not so unselfish as he affected to believe. They drew much of their sustenance from England in their colonial infancy, and were assisted by the mother country, especially during the French and Indian wars. At last, in her distress, the motherland asked a slight return for her years of watchfulness and care. But, as is too often the case with children, rebellion followed, and the time selected by the colonies for this rebellion was a period of distress to England."

Judge Elford looked at his watch. "Will Mose never return?" he murmured, evidencing that he was talking against time. Then he continued: "Let us learn a lesson from the events of this night, a lesson of charity. Mr. Jones and the colonel have both been guilty of a wrong. They misjudged each other, exasperated each other, strove to humiliate each other, and, finally, fought each other. Neither was more to blame than the other in one sense, and neither could have avoided that final act."

At this point I leaned over so as to glance from behind the stove at the face of Luridson, and, if my sight did not deceive me, he winked as if in acquiescence; but this must have been imagination, for no other observer noted the occurrence, and as I shrank back the speaker continued:

"Each acted in self-defence; and if any soul can be blamed for this tragedy it is that of the dead ancestors whom both men worshipped so fanatically."

I could no longer endure the mental agony that grew upon me. In my feverish imagination the hand of Mr. Jones once more clutched the colonel's throat. I saw the upturning eyes gleam from out of vacancy, the two spurts of blood again gushed forth—I cried aloud, and rushing from behind the stove threw the door wide open. Every light in the room was suddenly extinguished by the blast, and as I leaped across the threshold I dropped into the arms of old Mose, whose kindly face I recognised by the light of his lantern.

"This is not the place for you, my boy," he said, resting the tip of his cold nose on my temple and crying aloud into my ear; "the coffin-maker is coming for Colonel Luridson; I will go home with you now."

God bless you, Mose, God bless your memory. You alone of all that party thought of the Stringtown boy, and to-night, after years have passed, not he alone, but all Stringtown, remembers you.

CHAPTER XII.

When the door of the grocery closed behind him the pastor paused, turned, grasped the door-knob, and stood with his back to the shrieking elements. Inside of that door roared a blazing fire, outside whirled a tempest. But, insensible now to external things, the pastor did not feel the raging cold outside the room he had left, and gave no further thought to the glowing warmth within. He dropped upon his knees and raised his hands in supplication; God only knows what the miserable man asked in the prayer that rose from his grief-racked heart.

Only a moment did he kneel with head uncovered and uplifted face; then rising, he drew his hat firmly down and strode out of the feeble light which struggled through the window. Not more completely did ocean's surges ever swallow a storm-lost sailor than did that New Year storm engulf the blood-stained minister of the gospel.

He did not think of the course he should take—there was no path that night. He did not reason his way—no power of reason remained. His mind was wrapped in despondency, his spirit was lost in anguish so deep that this hurricane, the maddest storm American history records, was unnoticed and unfelt. There is no other explanation of the part he took that night. To have attempted thought concerning surrounding things would have been fatal to his errand; to have reasoned would have lost him the way. Under such conditions and in such blackness to look for roadways, to seek familiar objects, to attempt to guide one's self by the intellect, would be to walk in circles, turn here and there, stagger

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like a drunken man, stumble, fall and perish. The man did not care to see the way. Sensible neither to the cutting hail, the shrieking blast nor the intense cold, he ignored that king of storms. Leaving the Stringtown pike, he struck into the fields and moved on. As if it were a balmy autumn day, and the breeze simply fanning the cheek and cooling the brow, as if life's pleasures were before him and happy thoughts behind, he strode onward. Presently he turned aside; something he neither saw nor felt blocked the way. A herd of swine huddled together crushed one another, each seeking to creep beneath the others, striving to press nearer to the centre of the heap, vainly trying to escape the piercing cold that all night long crept through and through from beast to beast until, when morning broke, not one remained alive.* Scarcely had he passed them by when close beside him a mournful cry sounded; but the wail of anguish did not catch his ear nor did it sound again, for it was the last cry of some hapless beast that, struggling, had fallen helpless, never to rise again. Caring not for man nor beast, the pastor moved onward, guided by he knew not what, toward a light he did not see. Over hills, through the woods, across frozen creeks, climbing fences, jumping gullies, seeking neither path nor road, he sped.

At first the shooting hail stung the skin, leaving little indented spots, but the sense of pain soon ceased beneath the quieting touch of benumbing cold. At first, the wind had waved the flowing hair that encircled his brow; but soon the beating hail and congealing frost had matted it together and frozen it to his skin and coat. At first, his arms and his fingers moved freely; but they rapidly grew insible to pain or touch and finally hung stiff and motionless. The absent-minded man knew nothing of all this, knew not that the creeping cold was nearing his vitals; little cared he for life or death. This is fact, and it is no less true that wandering on and toward that unseen goal went the pastor through this storm which was freezing to death men and women and brutes exposed to its fury.

At last his eyes were greeted by a slender ray streaming through a little window near the door of a cabin. The pastor tried to raise the hand and grasp the door-knob, but could not. Both arms were numb. He shouted, but the cry was lost in the roar of the blast; he listened, but no answer came, only the tumult of the sweeping storm. Again and again he cried, and then in desperation threw himself against the door, crushed it in, and fell forward into the room. He sought to rise, but his hand could give no response to his will; his fingers rattled against the floor; his arms refused to bend. By chance, he pressed his heels against a crevice in the rough-hewn floor, then he raised his head, next his shoulders, and finally, as a worm creeps up, his body rose, and at last the half-frozen pastor stood upright.

Edging along the wall, he reached the swinging door that now slammed in and out obedient to the varying blast, and pressing his weight against it succeeded in closing it, even until the catch snapped. Just then the flickering flame in the great fireplace flashed upward, lighting the room.

The cabin was built of unhewn beech logs. The spaces between the logs were clinked with stones and the interstices had been filled with mud. In the ceiling was a square hole to which a ladder reached; the floor was puncheon. At one end of the oblong room a chimney-place covered much of the area. A window opposed the fireplace, and another was cut beside the door. The hearth was made of a single, large flat fossil stone from out the creek bed. On that stone stood an iron oven, a few kitchen utensils, and in the huge throat of the chimney hung a crane to hold the kettle or suspend the roast. The furniture of the room comprised a small table, a few chairs and a bed. On the wall hung a brace of horns, a couple of guns, some arrows and a powder flask and pouch that once had been in service. All this the pastor saw as the fitful fireflash glimmered; for the quickened intellect of the man whose life, resting on the edge of one world did not reach yet a foothold in the other, comprehended quickly all that rose before his gaze. To the dying pastor time was precious, and a single flash carried to his brain what, under other circumstances, might have remained long unseen.

Then he fixed his gaze on a wan visage, that of the "Corn Bug," who stared back again from the coverlets of the bed; a face in which only two great eyes and a stub nose were visible, for a mass of tangled beard and matted, unkempt hair covered all but the staring eyes and whiskey-dyed nose, while the body of the wretched man sank back beneath the coverlets. No type of beast or reptile is as repulsive as the wreck of a man ruined by drunkenness.

The man was not alone; for Mr. Jones saw another form in the shadows, half reclining,

*A drove of hogs on the pike that New Year night perished. Those on top were frozen, those beneath smothered.

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half sitting on the opposite side of the bed. This other apparition was a child, a young girl with dishevelled, flowing hair. She seemed to have been startled from sleep by the intruder, but she made no movement and asked no question. And still beyond these two, on the hearth, in the edge of the chimney, so indistinct that it was a question whether it were a shadow or a substance, he caught sight of a sombre tracing that resembled a human being; and yet seemed not altogether human—a dusky mask that seemed thrown before and yet might have been a part of a form behind. Silent and motionless peered this something from out that edge of darkness.

Neither man, child nor tracing spoke or moved. The flickering fire started up and sank again, the shadows played in dissolving waves about the room. The wind without, in unison with the dancing shadows within, rose and fell, singing strange songs, which verberated through the many half-chinked crevices of the logs.

Never had the New England parson heard the play of the wind at midnight in a house of logs, nor had he ever gazed at such a scene as this. In that Kentucky land, man nor child had ever taken part in such a drama, nor, after that New Year's Eve, 1864, has any man heard such fiercely wild wind music. The two men gazed long at one another, but both held their voices.

The child broke the spell, and it is well that she did so, for the men seemed unable to utter a word. Each seemed to have transfixed the other; neither had the power to move. It was a nightmare spell, and as in a nightmare the life may fly before the body can be induced to move, so, had no living being spoken, the spell that held these men might have ended as nightmare sometimes ends.

Impulsively the little girl threw her arms about the form of the bedridden man, and then she laid her fair, chubby cheek against his rough beard, keeping her eyes riveted on the face of the silent parson. She stroked the matted hair of the uncouth man, and, searching with her face beneath the shaggy moustache, sought to kiss his lips. Even the suffering parson could but contrast the holiness of dawning childhood and the horrible repulsiveness of self-wasted manhood.

The child spoke pleadingly, as she toyed with the uncouth visage: "Uncle, uncle, speak to me, Uncle Hardman;" but the dying sinner, released from silence by that voice, spoke, not to her, but to the man.

"Come here, pahson, come here. I ordered Cupe ter find yo', an' the brack rascal did his duty; he said he would send yo' ter me, an' he did. Wall, pahson, bygones es bygones. I riled yo' once, pahson, but I didn't mean half I said. yo' see, pahson—come closer—we who air bad hev a kind o' hatred fo' yoah kind, jest case yo' air good an' we air bad; there ain't no other reason. An' when the corn-juice gits hold ov us we say cussed things we always half feel toward the like ov yo', but don't always speak. Wall, Mr. Jones, I asks fergiveness now, and ahftah yo' does what I wants yo' ter, then yo' must kneel down an' pray fo'—come closer, Jones, I ain't strong now an' I can't speak loud. I swore at yo' once, pahson, an' said yo' daren't wet yoah shoe soles in ice water; yo' hev beaten the words back."

Mr. Jones moved slowly, painfully across the floor. The girl in fear clung closer to the sick man; the parson saw by the nearer view that the child was very beautiful, and also by that nearer view, as increasing light renders white objects more distinct, and dark ones also, perceived that the man became more hideous. The sick man continued:

"Pahson, in a trunk in the loft above es money, gol' an' silver—a fortune. I hev seen some ov et, Mr. Jones, gol' es there. Cupe says my grandad captured et from a British paymaster an' hid et in the chest; but et don't make no diff'ence wha' et came from, et ain't safe ter ask quistions ov any dollar. All I own, land an' money, all but two thousan' dollars, the girl must hev; write et down quick, pahson, write et down."

"Where is the paper, pen or pencil?" Mr. Jones asked.

"I hev been raised with the niggers an' by the niggers, too. Nevah had no use fo' papah an' pencil."

"Then I cannot do what you wish," said the parson.

"But yo' must do et; didn't the jedge say the night I burned the deed thet I must make a writin' will? Ain't this child ter be taken care ov an' the boy ter be given money ter edycate him? Yo' must write et down, pahson," he pleaded; "the end ov the nigger spell es here, the nigger spell thet linked yo' an' me tergether, Mr. Jones, an' yo' must write. I can't talk no longer, fo' I am very tired."

"I left my note-book and pencil behind me; I cannot."

"Can't you write on a slate, mister?" asked the girl; "I can."

"She can't write; she kno's her letters, but calls makin' pictures writin'," interrupted the "Corn Bug."

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"I can write, and I've got a slate full of writin'," protested the wide-awake child.

"Where is the slate?" demanded the parson; "give it to me quickly."

The child ran to a corner of the room and returned with a slate to which a pencil was attached by a string. "There, mister, see the writin'," and she pointed to the child drawings with which one side of it was covered.

But the parson could not use the pencil; his fingers refused to obey his will; he was helpless.

"Write," said the "Corn Bug," "write, pahson, er I will die without makin' my cross. See, mahn'n es comin', et es daylight now, an' Cupe's nigger sign said thet with this mahn'n's light I would die. Quick, pahson, I want ter make my cross."

By an effort Mr. Jones pressed the slate between his wrists. "Make your letters, child, as I tell you to do." And obedient to his command, she slowly spelled, letter by letter, word by word, the shortest will on record in Stringtown County, to which as witness the pastor managed to sign his name. "Now for your cross-mark."

The dying man seized the pencil, and as he did so the old crone arose, and advancing from out the chimney jamb (for she was not a shadow), stood over him and said, partly as an apology, partly to herself, "I'se a nigger, but ef signin' ob papahs am ter be done, I wants ter see de makin' ob de cross. Cupe, he say, Dinah, don't yo' nebbah let no signin' ob papahs be done by Ma'se lessen yo' sees de makin' ob de cross.' "

With the negro crone on one side and the child on the other, the "Corn Bug" made the cross; and then his partly relieved mind reverted to the future.

"Would yo' pray fo' the likes ov me, pahson?"

But the parson, too weak to rise, near to eternity as was the "Corn Bug," shook his head, and murmured, "I cannot, I dare not."

"Can't you pray, Mr. Preacher?" asked the girl; "why, I can say the prayer my mother left me."

"Pray for both of us, child," murmured the parson. And resting his head on the bed, he listened to the innocent child interceding for the dying profligate and the wretched murderer. But neither of the men heard the end of the simple invocation, for before the words were hushed the spirits of both had broken their bonds and followed the message to the bar of justice. The excitement of the occasion had been fatal to the weakened profligate, and the exposure, mental agony and perhaps the severe pain—for pain will stop the heart—had been suddenly fatal to the delicate minister. That these two men should have died together, then, seems like fiction, but fact surpasses some things in fiction.

Kneeling upon the puncheon floor, with her little hands clasped and her child-like face turned upward, the girl knew nothing of the tragedy in which she was acting a part; a tragedy which, beginning in this barren room, was destined in after years to meet with a second invocation where, again kneeling, she would plead for herself as well as another. But that which was preordained in her life is not for present record. The innocent child in confidence had lisped:

"Now we lay us down to sleep,
We pray Thee, Lord, our souls to keep;
If we should die before we wake,
We pray Thee, Lord, our souls to take."

The morning light suffused the room, the break of the bitter cold Saturday morning, January 1st, 1864. The rising sun's rays paled the fire flash; the shadows vanished; the wild winds subsided, and excepting the bitter cold without and the frozen creatures scattered over all the land, no evidence remained to tell of the storm which had come and gone. When the door of that lonely cabin was opened by the searchers—for searchers started from Stringtown with the break of day—they found the negress hovering over the embers on the hearth, folding in her embrace a sleeping girl. In the rude room, on the bed one man lay, and beside the bed another man kneeled, while between them, tightly clasped in the stiff fingers of him who kneeled, a child's slate rested. Over the upturned surface of this slate awkward words were scrawled, and at the tip of the index finger of the man on the bed, him who clutched the pencil, they saw the sign of the cross.

I will to Sammy Drew, the widow's son, two thousand dollars. All else to Susie, my adopted child.

JOSEPH HARDMAN.
His X.

Witness OSMOND JONES.

(To be continued.)

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RESURRECTION *

Russians are unlike all other peoples in this: that they have all the keen intelligence, the cultivation and the trained understanding which mark the most advanced civilisation, while their environment and the terrible restrictions which everywhere meet them in their larger life are Asiatic and Oriental to a degree. In purely personal and material things they are free as none of us are free; in the external expression of their real thought and most profound beliefs they are shackled and suppressed. Hence, all those who belong to the representative classes are like members of some secret guild. They have passed through an initiation. They are bound together as the men and women of no other nationality are bound together, by an instinctive sympathy that cannot possibly be put into words. Their lives have all been touched by something sinister and sombre. When they meet, no matter where, they look into each other's eyes and *know*.

Perhaps the only parallel to this feeling is to be found among the Romans of the Later Empire, when there was perfect freedom to the individual for physical enjoyment, for sensuality, for frivolous experiments in art and literature; but when an iron hand was everywhere felt to be ruthlessly repressing all that was spontaneous and free in thought and teaching and in the application of philosophic truth to public life. So it is that in the end the Later Romans always felt the *tædium vitæ*. They might banish it for the moment in the excitement of unmeaning pleasure; they might drug it with wine and forget it with women; they might bury it under blossoms and charm it away with music and loud laughter; but in a few short hours it returned as grim and gaunt and deadly as before. The great game of life was barred to them. The richest and the noblest were but living in a gilded cage, against whose bars they beat in vain. The senses might enjoy until they grew dull and jaded with satiety; but the soul, the spirit and the thrill of achievement, which is to man the one thing which at last can yield supreme content—these had no place, they had ceased entirely to exist.

With the Russian of to-day it is much the same; and hence, whenever the true mental and moral atmosphere of Russian life is set before us by the hand of a master, such as Tolstoy or Tourguénieff, the impression is eternally the same. Intense subjectivity, a passion for analysis that is almost always morbid, a pessimism profound and mordant, a self-restraint that is astonishing, and withal a certain wistfulness as of a suffering child, are blended inextricably with a touch of sensuality and of gross materialism, which last are quite inevitable from the causes already mentioned, and find an expression no less in the writings of an ascetic like Tolstoy than in those of a brilliant sentimentalist like Nicolas Pushkin, the Russian Byron.

In the volume now before us we have less a novel in the strict sense of the word than a great complex delineation of Russian life grouped about a thread of story which appears and disappears at intervals amid the one hundred and twenty-nine chapters which the book contains. To some, the vivid scenes that are limned with all the power of which the author is possessed, and that depict all phases and aspects of his country's social and political life—to some, we say, these scenes may be the most instructive and valuable portions of the work. Yet as *Resurrection* is styled upon its title-page "a novel," we must in the present notice so consider it, and must, in the main, regard it as a contribution to pure fiction.

Briefly sketched, the central motive is a curious one. Prince Dmítri Nekhlúdoff, a man of wealth and influence, had in his early youth fallen in love with a girl who lived with his aunts as a sort of *protégée* of theirs—half ward and half dependent. This Katúsha Máslova when he first knew her was just growing into womanhood—a being of strange fascination, whose health and purity and innocence were coupled with the seductive charm that some women possess from childhood and that never leaves them. And Nekhlúdoff himself at this period was a romantic boy, full of high ideals and of noble impulses, untainted as yet by

*Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise Maude. Illustrated by Pasternak. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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contact with the world. He and Katúsha are drawn together by an irresistible attraction, but they speak no word of love, and when it happens that he once kisses her—a scene that recalls the well-known episode in *Daphnis and Chloë*—it is on the eve of his departure for St. Petersburg and the military training-school. When he sees her again it is after the lapse of three long years, and in that time his whole nature has undergone a change.

He then had been an honest, unselfish lad, ready to sacrifice himself for any good cause; now he was depraved and selfish, and thought only of his own enjoyment. Then God's world had seemed a mystery, which he tried enthusiastically and joyfully to solve; now everything in life seemed clear and simple, defined by the conditions of the life he was leading. Then he had felt the need of intercourse with nature. . . . What he now considered necessary and important were human institutions and intercourse with his comrades. Then women seemed mysterious and charming—charming by the very mystery that enveloped them; now the purpose of women—all women, except those of his own family and the wives of his friends—was a very definite one: women were the best means toward an already experienced enjoyment. . . . Then he had looked upon his spirit as the Ego; now it was his strong, healthy animal Ego that he looked upon as himself.

What follows is very profound, but is too long to quote in full. It is, however, an explanation of the change in him as due in part to the fact that while he lived according to the promptings of his conscience and his higher nature, he was regarded as eccentric and even censured by every one from his own mother down; whereas when he began to play the sensualist, the spendthrift and the thoughtless idler, then both his friends and relatives rejoiced that he was becoming a "real man," a man of the world, and one who was no longer in danger of falling into crankiness. So when he again visited the home of his aunts, where Katúsha resided, he was no more the sincere and generous-hearted boy, but the selfish egotist, ready to sacrifice any one and every one at the altar of his personal pleasure. Knowing this, one is prepared to find that he almost immediately betrays Katúsha, and almost immediately leaves her, feeling that he has done enough in thrusting into her hand a hundred-rouble note at parting.

The study given by Tolstoy of the transformation of the girl's nature after her abandonment is remarkable, and all the more so because of its simplicity and its utter contrast to the psychological subtleties that would be found in a writer such as Bourget. Katúsha does not and cannot at first realise the completeness and awfulness of the wreck that has been made of her life. Her love for Nekhlúdoff still survives and burns fiercely within her. She hears that he is again coming to make another visit to his aunts, that she will see him. There lingers in her heart a remnant of hope to keep her faith in God and in her lover still alive. She will not utterly despair. Then comes the night—the rainy, windy, pitch-black autumn night—when he is expected to arrive. It is near the time of her confinement, but she creeps through the dark to the station, just as the train is about to leave it. Through the windows she could see him, evidently with no intention of alighting, but seated in the brilliant light, playing cards and drinking and laughing with his brother officers. She beats at the window with her half-frozen hands and presses her poor face against the pane; but the train starts, the guard thrusts her roughly aside, and her betrayer is whirled away with the light and the laughter, while she is left alone in the blackness of the night, drenched with rain, and weeping out her heart's bitterness, with all the poignant agony of a woman who has loved but once and who at last knows that she has been cast aside. From that moment Katúsha thinks no more of Nekhlúdoff. It is as though he had never lived. She becomes hard and able to endure, and she feels a sullen satisfaction at her own gradual degradation, as though through it in some way she were avenging herself on God, on society, on everything that had made her suffering possible. It is a terrible study, briefly told; her descent from comfort to squalor; her forced relations with other men; her final acceptance of the position of a *meschánka*, because a glib procuress had told her that it meant a life of idleness and ease and fine apparel.

The years go by, and Nekhlúdoff, now

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past early youth, and still living a life of selfish ease—half engaged to one woman and carrying on an already wearisome intrigue with another—is summoned to act as juror in the Criminal Court. The case is one involving the charge of murder by poison. Among the three persons accused of the affair, Nekhlúdoff with a thrill of horror recognises the woman whom he long ago betrayed. She does not know him. As the evidence proceeds and its squalid and repulsive details are slowly brought to light it is plain to him that she is innocent. It is plain to him no less that for all that she has suffered, for her degradation, and for her present peril, he, Nekhlúdoff, is morally responsible. The finger of God at that moment touches him, and all the horrible ghastliness of his whole life blazes upon his brain and terrifies his awakened conscience. A passionate desire for atonement takes hold of him. He will do all within his power to right the wrong that he has wrought. Whether Katúsha be acquitted or condemned, he will marry her—not for the desire of her, but to watch over her, to make her happy, to bring her back, if possible, to her old goodness and contentment, and to win from her a pardon for his baseness.

The trial proceeds, and at the end, by a technical blunder, for which Nekhlúdoff is himself to blame, the girl is pronounced guilty and sentenced to four years at hard labour in Siberia. Nekhlúdoff at once devotes himself to the task of securing a revision of her sentence or a pardon from the Tsar; but, first of all, he seeks an interview with her, to disclose himself, to declare his purpose of saving her, and to beg her forgiveness and her promise to marry him. The scene of his interview with her in the squalid surroundings of the prison is a strangely powerful one. Nekhlúdoff, with his new spiritual longings, his sudden rush of emotion, his eagerness to be kind to her, is the old Nekhlúdoff once again, but—she is not the same Katúsha. He comes to her a man who is for the time at least sincere and generous and filled with the warmth of youth—but she is just the fallen woman, the finished product of years of shame. She does not even feel a special interest in knowing who he is. He is merely a man who probably has some object of his own in coming to her. He is rich, however. Perhaps something can be gotten out of him. She is willing to take his money. She wants a package of cigarettes and some *vódka*. Men to her are all alike—creatures to be used and despoiled, because they in turn regard women only as creatures to be used and despoiled. She is incensed at his offer to marry her. That, at least, she will not hear of. A flash of her old resentment comes back to her and she leaves him.

The story from this point is a story of Nekhlúdoff's struggle to reawaken in the soul of Katúsha that which has been awakened in his own. We shall not follow it any further here, lest we should diminish for the reader the interest of the book. The climax, such as it is, occurs when Katúsha, after making the long journey to far Siberia, followed and watched over by Nekhlúdoff, receives through his exertions a substantial mitigation of her sentence.

It will be seen that the development of the narrative affords ample opportunity for the delineation of almost every phase of Russian life and of almost every social type. Of this opportunity, Count Tolstoy has availed himself to the full, so that we might almost say that he has attempted to do here on a comparatively small scale what Balzac attempted on a gigantic scale to do in his *Comédie Humaine*. Peasants and princes, women of the world and women of the street, tradesmen, lawyers, rough soldiers, criminals, judges, politicians, philanthropists and panders—all are clearly individualised in these pages and amid those scenes where they naturally belong. We have the quiet country house and the village church, the splendid town house, the law courts, the Senate and the palace of the Governor, and we have, also, the prison pen, the reeking slum, the foul *ostrog* and the Siberian convict settlement. And this is so multitudinous as almost to confuse one at the first reading; but Tolstoy is among those few writers who deserve and indeed compel a second perusal; and indeed one may read this book over many times without exhausting the interest which it possesses, wholly apart from the powerful and poignant pages that embody his strange study of the struggle for the redemption of a

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woman's soul after she has once lost hold on everything that keeps a woman true to her own self, after she has plunged deep down into the moral mire, and has learned to view with something that approaches pride the power of practised wantonness.

Mrs. Maude has made a good translation, which has, however, some few blemishes. If she had a truer feeling for idiomatic English, she would not introduce such expressions as "Generaless." If she had a nicer perception of congruity, she would not render low-class Russian dialect into cockney English. If she were better versed in the technical language of bacteriology, she would not speak of "phacocytes" (*sic*). And why retain Russian words except when there are no English equivalents, or when she wishes to be euphemistic? It is all very well to write of a *meschánka,* but why keep *isvostchik?* Why not just say "cabman"?

The expurgations are so few, and they embodied such very harmless words and sentences, that they have done the reader no wrong. But as they are so few and so harmless, it might have been as well not to have made them. After all, Count Tolstoy is not Mr. Albert Ross.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

So much of real and varied interest has happened in the theatres during the past month, that charming productions in foreign languages, which have been given by the Japanese players and at the Irving Place Theatre, may possibly be fairly dismissed with a mere statement that everybody who cares for a wide study of dramatic art ought to see the Japanese, and, above all, to follow the series of great plays, old and new, which will be put on at the German Theatre all through April, with the scholarship and intelligence which marks everything at that house. In English much of the broadest range of interest has been furnished by Madame Modjeska. Her company, although better than during her last visit, is still strikingly bad, and the fact that, in spite of this low level of acting, her productions stand out so clearly above the ordinary run of well-mounted and well-acted dramas, shows how true it is that the most important thing is the play. Of the numerous pieces that the Polish actress has put on, the only one which was feeble is the only one which is new, again pointing the moral that one of our worst forms of artistic shallowness is a tendency to be bored, not only by anything that we have seen before, but by any revived play, however unfamiliar to us. *Marie Antoinette,* by "Clinton Stuart," is the only part of Madame Modjeska's repertory which was perfectly flat. There seems to be a particular rage just now for French Revolution dramas, and this article was put together, without any kind of literary or theatrical skill, to supply the demand. Its execution (it would be almost excusable to use the word in a double sense) by the actors was as bad or worse than the play itself. Sir Henry Irving has returned to show us what a lively impression of some aspects of the Revolution can be given by able stage management, and *The Only Way* has been playing in this vicinity, illustrating another method of making the period impressive. *Marie Antoinette,* on the other hand, did nothing but exhibit the worst stage management seen in New York in a long time, and one of the feeblest attempts to make history theatrical. Of course, Madame Modjeska had some scenes full of the tenderness, dignity and beauty in which she stands so high; but she did not, on the whole, turn herself into Marie Antoinette as we know her, but rather gave sketches of a few of the more serious fragments of her.

In *Mary Stuart* she justified more clearly than in anything else the position which her name holds in the dramatic world, although she also brought her best qualities to the front in parts of *The Ladies' Battle* and in *Much Ado About Nothing,* her Beatrice being gentle, humorous, winning—not sharp and brilliant. It shows in comedy a direction to match her Lady Macbeth in tragedy. Schil-

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ler's great historical play is worked up largely through the passionate contrasts of Mary and Elizabeth, and, secondarily, of Leicester and Mortimer; and although Elizabeth was frightfully weak and Mortimer commonplace, so superb was Modjeska as the Queen of Scots that in the third act, the pinnacle of the play, Schiller's immense power was thrown over the footlights apparently very little diminished by the bad acting of the others, which one would have expected entirely to hide it. It is frequently said that *Mary Stuart* holds the stage because it offers such opportunities to star actresses. This is a most misleading half truth. Any great play with a prominent female rôle in it of course offers opportunities to a woman star, but Schiller's drama is not one which revolves around a single character. To see it played as it was played in the fall at the Irving Place Theatre, with the title-rôle in the hands of a person much less gifted than Madame Modjeska, is to understand how much stronger an impression can be made by an adequate expression of all the characters than by a lofty representation of one. John E. Kellerd, playing the leading male rôles, proved himself an actor of unusual intelligence, who ought to have a more prominent place on our stage than he has. His Malvolio, for instance, while in some respects badly executed, partly because it was not thoroughly learned, was admirably conceived, the ridicule of the character being left to grow out of the genuine conceit and exaggerated dignity of the man, rather than out of the broad burlesque which is traditional in the part. In *The Ladies' Battle* his performance of the humorous and good-hearted coward was pitched in exactly the right key to bring out the qualities which Scribe has, without wasting effort after those which he lacks. His Macbeth I did not see. His Benedick was also very intelligently studied, though lacking in brilliancy of delivery. Mary Hall, by the way, an easy, conscientious and attractive actress, ought to be excepted from the general condemnation of Madame Modjeska's company.

One thing which Madame Modjeska did shows her point of view to be quite as noble as her own talents. She took the opportunity which her New York engagement gave her of proving to the world the ability of a younger actress, whom she generously wishes to have take up those beautiful parts in comedy for which interpreters to-day are so hard to find. She, like Miss Terry, and like the most artistic manager in the United States, believed from the vaudeville work of Miss Cissie Loftus that her abilities were so remarkable and of such a delicate quality that they ought to be turned immediately to poetic comedy. She therefore arranged that Miss Loftus should play Leonie in the English version of *La Bataille des Dames,* and Viola in *Twelfth Night.* In the Scribe play Miss Loftus showed at once, and very easily, that she could do a simple ingénue rôle not only with entire comprehension and temperamental fitness, but with a degree of technical ability surprising in view of the smallness of her experience. Viola, of course, was an enormously harder test. *Twelfth Night* was put on almost without rehearsal; there was no "business" worked out, the actors were unspeakably stupid and, much the worst of all, they forgot their lines so frequently and absolutely that it seemed as if the scenes could not be held until the curtain dropped. In spite of these difficulties, Miss Loftus herself did so well that the question has been settled, and there is no doubt that within a short time she will be regularly taking her place on the stage in rôles of beauty and fineness, and very possibly winning a name there equal to the one which she already has in a specialty. To say that probably nobody of her age now before the public could play Viola so well is saying very little. Madame Modjeska herself believes that in some important aspects of the rôle the young mimic surpassed the best actresses who have played it in our day. I do not go so far as that, but I do believe that the beautiful harmony of her delivery, the subtle and tender sympathy with the character, especially on the side of sentiment, and the constant and quick sense of technique were so marked that it is safe to say that a really important new actress has been discovered. Her methods must be broadened. She now relies on suggestions that are too slight for the stage, but the artistic exaggeration which is needed could be taught rapidly by a competent trainer or even by her

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mere presence in a good company. To make her face equal in expressiveness to her voice is a harder task, and one that will take longer, but at a time when we so much need successors to the high-comedy actresses who are now passing their zenith, the discovery of as much suitability to the classic rôles as Miss Loftus has is an event of importance.

Leaving the ordinary conventional successes in farce and melodrama for a perfunctory notice at the end of this article, as I get more and more tired of them the more I see of them, I wish to say as much as I dare about Ostrovsky's play, *The Storm,* which was given by the Independent Theatre company at Carnegie Lyceum. It is so foreign, and its conditions so special, that it would be hardly safe for one with no particular information about Russia to go boldly into the subject; but the English translation of it in book form made me believe that it was a really strong tragedy, informed with a large and simple idea, ably carried out dramatically, and the stage performance of it, although the play then seemed vaguer and less effective in climaxes, still left the impression of vividness and distinction. I read Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness* just after *The Storm,* and the stupendous power of that terrible play for a little while made Ostrovsky's seem rather faint; but the later impression, made up by comparison with the general experiences of a regular theatre-goer, leaves me with enthusiasm for a drama which leaves a real impression settled in the mind. Those who are conducting this independent enterprise, unlike some of their predecessors in America, are doing a work of real value, which will probably bear decided fruit in its influence on public demand. It must affect the actor as well as the theatre-goer. John Blair became known through this kind of thing, and now Florence Kahn, who was unheard of at the end of last summer, is looked upon as a possibly notable tragedian of the future. She has still to prove how far her abilities reach, but the opportunity to have a test in several big tragic parts in one season is rare in this country, and Miss Kahn came out of it with proved imagination, vividness and intellect. I believe the next play to be given is *The Heatherfield,* and certainly the chance to see it here ought to be valued.

For the benefit of managers who are looking for ability outside of the commonplace lines it may be worth recording that a little one-act piece was performed at a private house during the month, and contained dialogue of striking brilliancy, dramatic as well as literary. It was only half an hour long, but it was enough to show (even had I not read another able play, this one in three acts, by the same author) that Mrs. Wharton has abilities which may be of great value for the stage. Her book of stories, *The Greater Inclination,* gave me the impression that her intellect and wit were superior to her constructive, artistic sense; that she would be weak in the *scene-à-faire,* however cleverly she might play around it; but the dramas seemed to me decidedly better than the stories, for the reason that there is less irrelevant intelligence and more direct presentation. Handling a sufficiently dramatic theme, Mrs. Wharton would be likely to write any day a play which would stand out saliently from the rest of the American drama.

Madame Butterfly, David Belasco's dramatisation in one act of Long's story, which had a short run at the Herald Square, lacks sufficient dramatic progress, but it is odd and pretty, put upon the stage with Belasco's admirable gifts for management, and acted with rare all-round competence by Miss Blanche Bates, certainly one of our ablest actresses, so that the total value of the little piece is considerable. Pinero's witty problem play, in which the sparkle of the dialogue and the ability of the dramatic construction are so superior to the much-talked-about meaning, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* has been repeated by Miss Nethersole, owing to the successful attempt of two yellow newspaper pests to get advertisement for themselves by driving the vulgar, but otherwise innocuous, *Sapho* from the stage. *My Daughter-in-Law,* a farce at the Lyceum, and *The Pride of Jennico,* a swashbuckling melodrama at the Criterion, are both objects to give pleasure to numbers of human beings, but they are cut according to conventional patterns, with no inspiration, and they seem to me to demand no criticism.

Norman Hapgood.

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LITERARY PARIS

As I begin this record of the literary doings of the Parisian world during the month just passed, my mind cannot tear itself from the thought of the catastrophe which has destroyed the home of French dramatic literature, the house which gloried in the name of Maison de Molière. Of no other playhouse could it be told with as much truth that its disappearance is, from a literary standpoint, a calamity. Not only are the memories that attach to the Théâtre Français such as to endear it to every lover of the beautiful in dramatic art, but the house itself, with its statues, busts, paintings, memorials of all kinds, was a historical museum of the drama such as is found nowhere else. Houdon's Voltaire, the superb busts of Alexandre Dumas père and Balzac, Greuze's portrait of Mademoiselle Georges in the "Foyer des Artistes" are (we hope we need not for any of them say *were*) masterpieces of which any gallery might be proud, and in the preservation of which the whole literary and artistic world is interested.

No one need be surprised if the catastrophe of March 8th should be followed by very important changes in the management of the celebrated theatre. I have already mentioned the attacks that have been directed of late against the policy of its "administrateur," Jules Claretie. There is no doubt that his administration has increased neither the prosperity nor the glory of the Théâtre Français, and it may be expected that when the Government goes before the Chambers with an expensive scheme for the rebuilding of the theatre, it will be met, in some quarters at least, with a request that the management be changed before any money is voted.

In the meantime, very likely, an arrangement will be entered into with the lessee of some other house, possibly with Coquelin or Sarah Bernhardt, so that the myriads of visitors that are expected to crowd in Paris during the Exhibition be not deprived of the greatest dramatic treat that France, nay, that the world, can offer.

The tidings of the disaster came when information of a very different character was awaited, when every one interested in dramatic affairs expected to hear of the first performance of Edmond Rostand's new play, *L'Aiglon,* which had been a few weeks ago announced for the 7th of March. At the present writing nothing is known yet of the performance, which may have been postponed, and thus we cannot say whether French dramatic literature is or is not richer by one more masterpiece.

The Academy is richer by two members, and is now complete, as it was for a few days about a year ago, just before the death of Édouard Hervé. The new Academicians are Paul Hervieu, whose election to Pailleron's seat was universally expected, and Émile Faguet, who succeeds Victor Cherbuliez. Neither of the new members will add much to the glory of the Academy. Hervieu is surrounded by a circle of friends who loudly shout their admiration for everything he writes, whether it be novels, as *Flirt* and *L'Armature,* or plays, as *Les Tenailles* and *La Loi de l'Homme.* But these friends are more enthusiastic than numerous. His name is not yet one to conjure with, although no one can deny that he possesses some at least of the requisites of a dramatic writer. The best thing he seems to have done thus far is the first act of *La Loi de l'Homme.*

Émile Faguet is a very prolific literary critic, but in spite of the Academy's vote I cannot say much in favour of the style he uses. A curious collection might be made of absurdly involved sentences selected from his articles. He is the most laboured of the present generation of French writers. He evidently has taken Brunetière as his model, and has copied, and of course exaggerated, mainly the faults of his model.

His accuracy as to facts of literary history is on a par with his charm of style. And yet there is no denying that a large number of readers, especially among the younger generation, delight in his delineations of French writers. I cannot call him great; successful he undoubtedly is.

The same may be said of the indefatigable George Ohnet, who seems to have scored one of his old-time successes with his new novel, *Gens de la Noce.* A number of novels have moreover appeared of late, some of them of more than ordinary merit. First among them I must name

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Eugène Le Roy's *Jacques le Croquant,* a remarkable picture of the south of France during the years that followed the return of the Bourbons to France after the fall of Napoleon.

André Beaunier has chosen a much more recent period, and has succeeded nearly as well. The title of his book is *Les Dupont-Leterrier, Histoire d'une Famille pendant l'Affaire.* I need hardly say that "L'Affaire" is *l'affaire Dreyfus,* and that the novel deals with the divisions which were in many families the outcome of the celebrated case. M. Beaunier has shown himself a good observer of contemporary life.

André Theuriet and Thérèse Bentzon are better known to the omnivorous novel reader. To the first we owe one of his characteristic tales, interspersed with poetical descriptions of natural scenes, *Frida;* to the latter, a study of social and family problems, *Malentendus.*

Foreigners and even dead men have had to bring in their contribution. *La Lumière qui s'Éteint* is the French version of one of Rudyard Kipling's stories, and we have a second collection of posthumous tales by Guy de Maupassant, *Le Colporteur.*

A. H. Massonneau's *Devant l'Echafaud* is, alas, neither a novel nor a tale. But it is none the less a very powerful book. It is a record of as many as twelve executions which have been witnessed by the author, and which he describes with the desire of inspiring his readers with a horror for the death penalty. Whether it will carry conviction to every reader's mind is, of course, doubtful; but no one can go through such a terrible book without giving serious thought to the problem that it propounds.

This is stern prose, but the poets have not been inactive. Henri de Régnier, now in this country, gives us both a novel, *La Double Maîtresse,* and a collection of poems, *Médailles d'Argile,* which he dedicates to the memory of André Chénier, whose works are soon to be fittingly edited by Henri de Régnier's father-in-law, the poet, J. M. de Hérédia.

Volumes of verse of late have usually belonged to the new school. Not so with Vicomte de Guerne's *Les Flûtes Alternées.* It is in no way a revolutionary book, and shows genuine poetical sentiment.

To the new school, in addition to Henri de Régnier's contributions, we owe a new drama by the Belgian poet, Émile Verhaeren, *Le Cloître.* It is a very powerful work, in which the initiated will admire everything, while the uninitiated may desire that Verhaeren's French were not so entirely different from what the makers of the language seemed to have wished it to be, the clearest and most translucid of the mediums of expression of human thought.

A great many important publications are now in preparation. The most welcome announcement under that head will refer to a forthcoming volume by Anatole France. *L'Anneau d'Améthyste* will not be the last in its series; it is to be followed soon by a fourth volume, *M. Bergeret à Paris.* Most of the chapters of this continuation of France's *Histoire Contemporaine* have appeared, the earlier ones in *L'Echo de Paris* and the later ones in *Le Figaro.*

Another work, soon to appear, owes its preparation to the coming Exposition. It is a history of the French press from 1789 to 1900, and has been prepared by Henri Avenel. All those who have used any of the issues of Avenel's *Annuaire de la Presse* know how competent he was to undertake the writing of such a work, which will come out somewhat as an official publication under the auspices of the French Government.

Stéphane Mallarmé's poems are for the first time to appear in a complete collection. The edition of the works of the "Prince des Poètes," which is to be issued soon by Fasquelle, will contain a number of hitherto unpublished pieces. Possibly the author may have considered them unworthy of publication because too easily intelligible.

I wish to call special attention to a publication which could hardly have been undertaken outside of France. The French Socialist party has decided to prepare a history of France since 1789, intended to show how the questions relating to labour have affected or been affected by public events. The *Histoire Socialiste* is a co-operative undertaking, and the first instalments are out. They contain a very eloquent introduction by Jean Jaurès.

In what relates to literary history we have three volumes of no mean interest.

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One is a doctor's thesis by M. C. Latreille, on *La Fin du Théâtre Romantique et François Pousard.* Another also comes from the University of Paris, as it is the publication of a course delivered there by M. Munier-Jolain, on *La Plaidoierie dans la Langue Française.* It contains the third part of the course, and deals with French forensic oratory during the closing century. The third book is due to the woman who has assumed the name of Lucien Pérey. Its title is *Figures du Temps Passé;* it is a series of portraits of the eighteenth century, the most notable being the one of Madame Geoffrin, and comes even well into the nineteenth century with Hortense Beauharnais, the mother of Napoleon III.

As usual there are some interesting works dealing with countries outside of France. The most notable are Jules Cougnard's *De Naguère et d'Aujour d'hui,* which wittily describes society and life in Geneva, and Pierre Morane's *Au Seuil de l'Europe,* which carries us to Finland and the Caucasus.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

The late Mr. R. D. Blackmore left instructions in his will that no memoir or biography of him was to be published.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have recently issued the sixth and concluding volume of Mr. James Schouler's *History of the United States Under the Constitution.* This volume covers the period of the Civil War and President Lincoln's administration.

Mr. Morgan Robertson's *Spun Yarns* and *Where Angels Fear to Tread* are to be published in England in a single volume.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *The Autobiography of a Quack,* which has been running serially in the *Century Magazine,* is now out in book form. Other recent publications of the Century Company are *Sailing Alone Around the World,* by Captain Joshua Slocum; *Deacon Bradbury,* by Edwin Asa Dix, and *Kate Wetherill,* a tale of New England life, by Jennette Lee.

A book recently published by Marlier, Callanano and Company of Boston, under the title *Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?* throws considerable doubt upon the generally accepted version of the papal bull launched against the patriot priest by Pope Alexander the Sixth. The author, the Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O. P., supports the contention first broached by Father John Lottini, the present vicar of St. Mark's, Florence, the church in which Savonarola preached.

It is told of Harris Dickson that when he came to tell of the road to Versailles in his spirited story, *The Black Wolf's Breed,* he found the descriptions at hand inadequate and his memory uncertain, so he packed his Mississippi grip, sailed for France and walked over the road from Dieppe to Versailles.

Mr. Henry Guy Carleton has dramatised *When Knighthood was in Flower,* and, it is reported, has succeeded in pleasing both the actress and the author, Miss Marlowe and Mr. Major.

A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, will shortly publish *The Dread and Fear of Kings,* by J. Breckenridge Ellis. The scene of this tale is laid alternately in Rome and the island of Capri; the period is the first century.

Mr. A. Hope Hawkins ("Anthony Hope") has been elected Chairman of the English Society of Authors for 1900.

The title of Dr. Conan Doyle's forthcoming volume of short stories is *The Green Flag and Other Stories.*

London is to have a new half-penny daily paper published by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. It will be entitled *The Daily Express* and will be edited by Mr. Dennis, who was formerly associated with Mr. Harmsworth's immensely successful *Daily Mail.* Among the members of the staff we note the name of Mr. Gilbert Burgess. THE BOOKMAN, it will be remembered, published some months ago a letter from this gentleman in which he claimed that the

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similarity of their names resulted in his receiving the credit for Mr. Gelett Burgess's best work, and Mr. Gelett Burgess being burdened with the responsibility of the worst work of the new associate editor of the *Daily Express.*

Among the Macmillan Company's latest publications is *Mary Paget: A Romance of Old Bermuda,* by Minna Caroline Smith. In the author's note we are told that this love story is "plucked from the heart of the ancient records of the Summer Islands." Miss Smith has hitherto been known as a newspaper woman and translator, and this is her first attempt at fiction.

Theophile Gautier's *The Jettatura,* edited with introduction and notes by Dr. A. Schinz of Bryn Mawr College, has just been issued by D. C. Heath and Company, of Boston.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that the story recently published by them under the title of *Aboard the 'American Duchess,'* a story purporting to be the work of an American author who writes under the name of George L. Myers, is a plagiarism of a story published some years back by Mr. Headon Hill, of London, entitled *The Queen of Night.* Mr. Hill's material has been appropriated by the American writer, such appropriation constituting a wrong against the English author and his publishers, and also, of course, against the American publishers, who accepted as an original work the story *Aboard the 'American Duchess.'*

Of Such is the Kingdom, by Clara Vawter, a dainty child's book, has recently been published by the Bowen-Merrill Company. It does not belong to the Sunday-school type of story, as one might imagine from the title, but is a bright and amusing tale of children and their animal friends, delightfully illustrated by Will Vawter. It is sure to please the little people, who are often the most severe critics.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men On Wheels* carries on the adventures of the entertainingly unfortunate heroes of *Three Men in a Boat.* In place of the Upper Thames, the scene of their present experiences is Germany. The book is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

S. R. Crockett's *Joan of the Sword Hand,* which has been recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is an historical romance dealing with the fifteenth century. It seems destined to be among Mr. Crockett's most popular novels.

Two important novels by English writers published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company are *Féo,* by Max Pemberton, and *Outside the Radius,* by W. Pett Ridge. The scenes of *Féo,* which treats of the infatuation of Prince Jerome for a young opera singer and the romantic consequences of his passion, are laid in Paris and London. *Outside the Radius* is a series of stories, each one complete in itself yet all centred in a small village close by London.

A History of the Spanish-American War, by Richard H. Titherington, based upon official reports, Spanish and American, and other sources of authentic information, is to be published shortly by D. Appleton and Company.

A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, will shortly publish a translation of the *Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I. and the Court of Russia,* by Madame La Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier, *née* Comtesse de Tisenhaus. The translation, by Mary Berenice Patterson, is made from a copy of the original work now in the possession of an antiquarian in Thun, Switzerland—this being one of the two copies of the book known to be in existence. The other copy is in the British Museum. The author of this volume was an intimate friend of Alexander and an ardent supporter of his foreign and domestic policy.

The initial volumes of a series of "brief memoirs of eminent Englishmen," to be called the Westminster Biographies, will shortly be issued in this country and in England, the first to appear being a *Defoe* by Mr. Wilfred Whitten, a *Wesley* by Mr. Frank Banfield, and a *Browning* by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The series will be issued in this country by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.

Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, Boston, are to issue, so soon as it can be got off the press, a little book entitled *A Woman's Paris,* intended for the use of the American woman who is about to go to Paris and who wishes while she is there, to quote the author's preface, "to do the agreeable things there are to do and to avoid the disagreeable things there are not to do."

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THE UNITED KINGDOM. A POLITICAL HISTORY. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Professor Goldwin Smith has written a brilliant pamphlet in two volumes. Every page is interesting; style and thought are alike transparent; if there couches beneath no unfathomable deep there hangs over all a clear sky, and we read with pleasure and recall for quotation the epigrams in which their author displays no less wit than learning. Very likely he that knows most of the Island-story will be readiest to praise the evidences of careful acquaintance with its documents made visible to us all through. But one fault mars a splendid piece of composition. The Professor gives us nearly eleven hundred pages, bristling with disputable assertions, open to controversy from the first line to the last—and not so much as a single reference—neither book, nor manuscript, nor man to whom we can have recourse when we would verify his statements. That is an extraordinary view of the relation between author and reader. Where would be the fame of Gibbon at this day, in spite of an incomparable text, had he declined to furnish proofs below the line? And how are students to find guidance or encouragement when so bountifully provided an historian is content to publish an enormous leading article, which we take on trust, if at all? It is said that the printers do not like notes or references. But history without them is a snow-image; with them, if true and to the purpose, it is enduring marble. I hope—but, of course, in vain—that Professor Smith's new edition will be marble and not snow.

The work has singular merit. Outspoken, sometimes magisterial, sharp and stinging, but, on the whole, fair in its judgments, it will help to scatter some illusions, to revise certain legends, to trim the balance too rudely shaken by picturesque novelists like Froude, and by passionate eccentrics like Freeman. Its author has gained not a little in exchanging the insular standpoint for the wider outlook which Canada permits or enforces. He remembers America when he is drawing up his design. England becomes a chapter in the history of the world. Her significance for other nations must be sought in her discovery of constitutional government—"government—that is, with authority, but limited by law, controlled by opinion, and respecting personal right and freedom." The subject of these volumes is, therefore, identical with Hallam's, to whose treatment, as more judicial and not so biting, the preference must, I think, be given; yet Professor Smith adds many fascinating pages of his own which we should be sorry to lose. In the power of sketching men and manners he is Hallam's superior. I may be allowed to deprecate an occasional hard saying about the Catholic Church, and even to wish that the Professor would keep his collection of Papal documents up to date, for he speaks often of "The Encyclical," meaning a certain one of Pius IX.'s issued in 1864, as Rome's "latest utterance." These little slips have their Nemesis.

On the other hand, I shall be thought a partisan if I praise according to their deserts more than one correction vigorously applied to stories and impressions current this long while in English school-books. Yet the view that is now gaining ground appears to be well established in the State papers; and if Professor Smith had quoted chapter and verse, as he ought to have done, his pleading would often be irresistible. For instance, in dealing with Henry VIII. and the Reformation he sweeps Froude into the street, and, while taking his peculiar line in theology, agrees, so far as the important facts are concerned, with Brewer and Gasquet. He is vehement on "the special infamy" of statutes which "violated the sanctuary of conscience and required not only submission but an oath of assent." And he says again, "rapacity, though gorged with the plunder of the monasteries, was not satisfied; the endowments of the universities, the chantries, the guilds, were at last placed in the King's clutches, and were for the moment saved by his death." Henry appears once more as the "jealous, suspicious and bloodthirsty" tyrant which he surely was. On Mary Tudor we are treated to several pages of sound common sense; while Elizabeth is charged with misdemeanours, or even high crimes, against the national interest, and is exhibited as doing "everything in her power to expose the country defenceless to the enemy," during the stress and storm of the Armada. I quote these utterances, not in order to recommend them—they must stand or fall by the proofs offered us—but as illustrating Professor Smith's way of seeing the facts with his own eyes. To Cromwell he is certainly generous, yet he steers a middle course between Carlyle and Clarendon, quoting with approval Guizot's measured tribute to the Protector's intellect, good faith and earnestness. What is still

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more notable, he has a word in extenuation of Laud's petty superstitions—the age rather than the man was open to criticism. Of the Restoration he speaks no more evil than it deserves; and his strictures on "Landlord Parliaments," from that which abolished feudalism, but made the nation pay for it, under Charles II., to that which was itself abolished in 1832, apply with little difference to our own time. In going over the canvas where William III. was painted by Macaulay, our artist tones down the glaring colours. William was neither a saint nor a fanatic, but "a man of his century, a thoroughbred diplomatist and politician," whose religion consisted of "hatred to French aggrandisement and devotion to the independence of Europe." A grave charge is implied in such words as these, "he is thought to have shown no extreme anxiety to prevent, no excess of moral delicacy in turning to his account, the murder of the brothers De Witt, the two leaders of the opposite party in Holland." But he did much to complete the transformation of the English monarchy from its earlier to its present shape; and the story of the hundred and thirty years following his death is little else than a commentary upon the Bill of Rights, traversed by attempts, reiterated yet doomed to failure, on the part of men like George III., to restore a past which had gone forever.

We need not pursue the author across this second volume. It is, as might be expected, Whig or Liberal in its politics, Adam Smithian in its views of free trade and economics generally, but apprehensive or even timid when the latest phase of Democracy moves into sight; for a Constitution without safeguards does not promise well in the eyes of Professor Goldwin Smith. He utters a warning note against irresponsible and anonymous journalism. I must even signalise—and it is remarkable in a man of his orthodox economic principles—a suspicion more than once thrown out that the anti-Semites, whether of the thirteenth or the nineteenth century, had something to go upon which was not religious hatred but the instinct of self-defence. With a distinct reference to *Ivanhoe,* he says, under the reign of Richard I., "instead of being, as historical novels represent him, down-trodden, despised and crouching, the Jew was not less dreaded than he was hated. He lorded it over his debtors, built him a stately dwelling and loved to display his wealth. Sometimes he even ventured to insult the national religion. . . . Beholding the Jew's mansion, the Englishman said, as the Russian peasant says now, 'That is my blood!'" Edward I., as every one is aware, banished the children of the Ghetto; and, observes our historian, "The Italian financier came in place of the Hebrew, and reaped a measure of the same hatred; but he did not threaten England with the perpetual ascendancy of an alien and unassociable race." We may subjoin that the chapter which portrays Edward I. at large is written with intense sympathy and unqualified admiration; perhaps it is the worthiest brief account of that great ruler anywhere to be found. What the perfervid Scotsman will say of it I do not venture on guessing; but no reader will deny its strength or eloquence. And here I must leave this characteristic piece of writing, which will stimulate thought where it does not convince, and I hope will set younger students on verifying for themselves the references that Professor Smith, or else the printer, declines to give us.

William Barry.

THE ART LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT. By Helen M. Knowlton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The most interesting part of this book is the part that is left out. There is much that is interesting, in the shape of anecdotes of Couture, Millet, Hunt and others, but the important thing in biography is to reproduce the character and explain the life of the person written about. In this life of Hunt no picture is given of the conditions under which the distinguished American painter worked and lived, and which alone could explain his art and character. His place, historical and æsthetic, is not clearly marked; the quality of his personality is not surely felt. We are informed by a few short paragraphs, scattered through the volume, that his position was peculiarly difficult, because of the little art life in America at that time. Hunt's remark is quoted: "In another country I might have been a painter." The author says: "Had Hunt remained in Europe, he would have left a name second to none. By his return to America he entered upon a career that was difficult, depressing and wearisome. There was no one here to whom he could look up as a superior. He had known all the great artists of Europe. Here there were none that could feed his artistic hunger and thirst." In one or two other places there is a like bare and brief statement, but nothing anywhere near sufficient to explain the development of the man's nature.

Hunt went abroad and studied with Couture. Some suggestive anecdotes are related, but we

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can never know from this book what Couture's influence was, why Hunt was ready to receive it and how it modified his work. Then we get some pleasant stories about how Hunt went over to Millet and drew inspiration from him, with no adequate explanation of the character of that inspiration, no discussion of the art situation in France.

It was a splendid opportunity to reconstruct an interesting artistic personality: a strong painter at the time of the early dawn of American art—the need which has driven so many Americans abroad—an explanation of the conditions there, and the light it all throws upon the present art situation, for now many American artists deprecate the habit of living abroad for any length of time. The author indeed suggests all of this; but it is mere suggestion, without philosophy, coherence, background.

Not only does the book fail to account for Hunt's art, to tell how it came to be, but it also fails when there is an attempt made at direct æsthetic characterisation. What, for instance, is vaguer and more conventional art criticism than: "He had a quick perception of beauty and rare susceptibility to its influence. He had also a keen understanding of character and temperament, and a thoroughly artistic manner of treating every subject that came within his range of work." Many pictures are named and criticised, but the qualities which distinguish Hunt's work from all others are not brought out. Fair examples are: " 'The Drummer Boy' is an epic poem—a work full of virility and enthusiasm, embodied in the noble, handsome figure of a boy who was evidently posed high above the artist's head, against a sky background. His 'Boy Chasing a Butterfly' is an exquisite creation. The lithe, supple figure of a boy stands in front of a background of shrubbery, stretching upward his arm and balancing on one foot that he may catch a yellow butterfly. The attitude is one of exceeding grace and charm, the pose full of action, and the figure seems instinct with life. It has the ruddy line of childhood; and the beautiful head, with its golden, clustering curls, is worthy of Correggio."

There is, to be sure, first and last a good deal of material thrown in, upon which some sort of a vague estimate of Hunt's character might be formed. We read that Millet said that Hunt was facile in his work, that Kate Field said he was honest and simple. The anecdotes bring out the sensitive character of the artist; he could not, for instance, finish a portrait of Emerson, because the philosopher, in his brutal way, said that he came to have his portrait merely because his friends wanted him to. It is shown that he was high-spirited, lovable and charitable, with a high ideal of art and an independent character. Some of his remarks on American art which are pertinent even to-day are:

> We want to be original in art. No danger of that! We cannot be so if we would. We are neither religious nor respectful enough. Out of our "inner consciousness" we propose to have a national art. We shut our eyes, turn our backs, and say: "We must be American!"
>
> And we shall be. It will come of itself—the blessed originality of American art.

He protested against the unfavourable attitude of this country toward the French:

> It is not worth while to be alarmed about the influence of French art. It would hardly be mortifying if a Millet or a Delacroix should be developed in Boston.
>
> It is not our fault that we inherit ignorance in art; but we are not obliged to advertise it.

The book is simple and unpretentious in style, it is pleasant and readable, but it is not serious biography. The reader will understand no more about the artistic personality of Hunt or about art in general after he has finished this book than he did before.

Hutchins Hapgood.

A NEW ASTRONOMY FOR BEGINNERS. By David P. Todd. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

The reviewer of books is ever well disposed toward the author; he is like dear, amiable, old Captain Kidd, who loved to make his guests comfortable and happy before they felt impelled at last to walk the plank. And the reviewer is like the kindly pirate in another respect as well—he must needs board such craft as may come his way upon the literary high seas. Should no mighty galleon of treasure heave in view, he will condescend to seize even the tiniest hoy. Thus it happens that a high-school text-book comes under our notice now and then, which may even prove to possess qualities of no mean interest in its way. But we must not abandon the nautical treatment of one's subject, for we consider it most appropriate in these naval days, and especially so for a volume containing what the author calls "rudimental principles of navigation." The book has a particularly horrible chromo of a solar eclipse, which appears as a frontispiece, like a flag of distress hoisted on the stump of the foremast. We confess at once that on seeing this we thought succour impossible, and that Professor Todd's vessel

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would have to remain in that vast collection of wrecks, the "books unreviewed." But we decided there might be some survivors worth saving; and we shall tell what we found on careful search.

Perhaps we may be permitted to digress a moment on the subject of the teaching of astronomy in high schools and those small "colleges" that resemble high schools so closely. It is not without reason that writers of history accept the state of astronomical knowledge among the ancient peoples as the touchstone by which to measure their condition of general culture. For astronomy is at once a culture study of the purest kind, and a disciplinary study almost without a rival. The reason is to be found in the subject-matter of the science itself. No other department of nature-study conveys to the mind so emphatically the ideas of magnificent vastness and grandeur. No man can have escaped this notion who has looked upon the placid, eternal stars, and reflected that they shone as they now do before man first touched the earth, and will placidly shine so when earth and man alike have been. 'Tis this makes of astronomy a culture study beyond all others. On the other hand, its disciplinary value is due to the intricacy of the intellectual problems it presents and to the minute precision of which their solutions admit. Such, then, are the two objects the author of a text-book on astronomy should have in view. He must use his subject in a way to make the young mind absorb its beautiful poetry, and yet he must not lose the opportunity of discipline in the extremely useful mental qualities of observation, precision and, above all, reasoning power. The power to reason correctly is power indeed.

Now Professor Todd has realised these facts, and has attacked his problem in quite a new and original manner. We are not of those who think novelty synonymous with excellence. Quite the contrary. There is nothing new (and good) under the sun. Professor Todd comes nearer something new and good in the way of an astronomical text-book than we have yet seen. The novelty of his method consists in his making the young student actually go out and make some measurements himself on the sky, instead of merely stuffing him with an array of dry facts and theories. The astronomical observations required of the student by the ordinary text-book seldom go beyond a perfunctory study of the names of the stars and constellations. This is almost useless. But Professor Todd demands that the student shall personally make astronomical measurements on the sky itself. He recommends for this purpose the construction of a series of simple instruments such as any carpenter can make under direction. He appears to have even prevailed upon some person to construct and try such instruments, for the book contains a number of pictures of the same individual in the act of making observations with them. These pictures show every evidence of being reproductions of actual photographs of the instruments in use. We consider them very good—a great improvement on the conventional human eye often seen in books on physics attached to the observing ends of telescopes and spectroscopes. The boy will look at Professor Todd's illustrations and say: "I can do what he's doing," for he sees an actual human being doing the thing in question. But a large number of the illustrations have been made in some way other than those just mentioned, and are very poor in execution. The coloured ones reach with ease the extreme possible limit of what may be called the advertising sensationalism in illustration of certain recent scientific books and magazine articles. In a word, they bear out the promise of the frontispiece.

While we have given merited praise to the author's plan of compelling the student to make real observations personally, we think he has gone too far in the construction of wooden instruments. They possess the merit of being inexpensive, but we think an institution that can afford to pay some one several thousand dollars annually to teach might easily afford the very few hundred dollars necessary to obtain some real instruments. The box transit of Professor Todd, for instance, is no simpler than a small brass transit would be, nor do we think it is as useful for purposes of instruction. It must never be forgotten that astronomy owes much of its value to the ideas of precision which it emphasises so strongly. We think, therefore, that Professor Todd has sacrificed the instrument maker a little too much in favour of the carpenter.

On the whole, we conclude that the book has strong points, both favourable and the reverse. But of late we have learned to value any text-book that has individuality of any kind. We shall hope to see a future edition having all the merits of the present one, and with its faults, especially those of illustration, rendered less conspicuous.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE SHIP OF STARS. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The mere mention of a new story by Mr. Quiller-Couch seems to come with a bracing odour of fresh brine and a deepened feeling of the sea's inscrutable, terrible charm. His work has been mainly along the coast of Cornwall, where the winds are as salt and the waves as wild as anywhere in the world. Here his latest tale also lies, with the same environment of beauty and grotesqueness, of humour and tenderness—all of a large and rather grim kind.

There is only one alien element—the glimpse of Oxford student life—and the slight departure from the author's familiar path is not to the advantage of his work. Otherwise the story holds, as usual, close to the rugged, surf-beaten rocks of the Cornish coast, and the characters which people it are again the creations of the rocks and the sea and storms.

The opening pages, descriptive of Taffy's childhood before he comes to live in Cornwall, are merely introductory, as showing what his parents were rather than what he is to be. For his own character, unfolding as the years pass on that rock-ribbed coast, becomes as distinctly the product of the environment as the rocks themselves. Honoria, the the girl child, who with him stands at the heart of the story from beginning to end, also belongs to the sea. In certain respects she recalls Ia, the noblest figure in all the noble stories of Mr. Quiller-Couch, who never writes of ignoble themes. But Honoria has not the sublime unselfishness that lifts Ia above jealousy, and from this most womanly weakness comes mainly the resistless causes which threaten the wreck of the *Ship of Stars*, and which finally sweep Taffy beyond her reach. Even in losing him selfishness triumphs: "He is mine—mine—mine. He is mine and always will be. He is lost to me, but I possess him. For what he is I have made him, and at my cost he is strong." And through it all is the boom of the sea, beating forever and forever on the Cornish coast.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE CAMBRIC MASK. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

In *The Cambric Mask* Mr. Chambers neither writes up to the level of *The King in Yellow* nor down to the level of *Outsiders*. Of these two of his former books it is rather difficult to say which is the more remarkable, since one finds it just a little hard to realise that the writer who rose to such fine heights in the first was ever guilty of perpetrating the second. *The King in Yellow* unquestionably contains some of the most weird, grewsome and tragical tales that we have had in ne last ten or twenty years, and for pure horror "The Repairer of Reputations" cannot easily be matched in recent fiction.

The Cambric Mask is a good, strong story dealing with a theme that has been worked very little if at all. It does not discredit Mr. Chambers; on the other hand, it is not quite strong enough to increase materially the reputation of one who has been very justly looked upon as being among the most promising of the younger American writers. It does not lack that element of the bizarre which is the distinctive mark of Mr. Chambers's work, but by reason of this there are here and there suggestions of obscurity that will puzzle the most conscientious and careful reader.

ONE YEAR. By Dorothea Gerard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

It is the romantic and mysterious history of an aristocratic Polish family which provides the material for Miss Gerard's story. It is told in a reminiscent and leisurely manner by an English governess who spends one year in East Galatia, the home of the Bielinskas. We get a delightful glimpse of the customs of this country and its people. There is a very beautiful daughter of the house, Jadwiga, and a weird little sister, Anulka, who was born "queer." There is a mystery connected with her birth and another mystery connected with the death of the father. Jadwiga is an interesting character, with a sensitive and emotional nature made unhappy by too many lovers. She chooses the wrong man, as so often happens with the women who are lavishly provided for, bringing unhappiness upon herself and upon those about her. The little governess, on the other hand, who describes herself in very modest terms in the introduction, is blessed with all that goes to make woman's life complete. Surely, commonplace women have their compensations. *One Year* is a readable and unpretentious tale, showing the author's sympathetic touch and understanding of human nature.

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BY THE MARSHES OF MINAS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: Silver, Burdett and Company. $1.25.

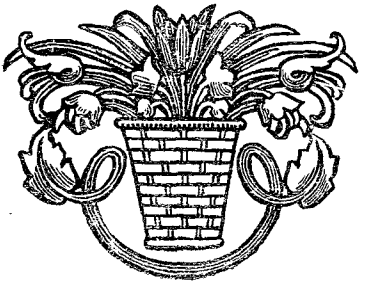
Under this title there appear twelve short stories dealing "with that romantic period in Canadian history when the French were making their last struggle to retain their hold upon the peninsula of Acadia, now called Nova Scotia." It is this country that Mr. Roberts uses as a background for all his work, and in *By the Marshes of Minas* we went with several characters who were made familiar to us in *The Forge of the Forest* and *A Sister to Evangeline*. There is a similarity in the tales before us, each revealing a beautiful maiden with wonderful eyes—Mr. Roberts's heroines are noted for their eyes—and a brave and adventurous man falling in love at the sight of these eyes. The author's descriptive powers are always charming and his style is poetic, but the stories in this collection are too slight to make any lasting impression.

A RATIONAL MARRIAGE. By Florence Marryat. New York: F. M. Buckles and Company. $1.25.

It was Joan Trevor's intention to work a reformation in the marriage relations, and after stringing together a great many words on the subject of taking husbands on trial, and so on, she clandestinely marries one Larry O'Donnell, a penny-a-liner newspaper man. He signs a contract drawn up by this strong-minded young woman to the effect that the marriage will be kept a secret indefinitely and that their conduct will be both rational and platonic. In this sort of life they run many risks, and when they take their platonic honeymoon they place themselves in a most compromising position. The episode of the two cups of coffee being placed at their door when but one has been ordered is very funny. The rational marriage, as one may surmise, is a dismal failure, and after the usual number of lovers' quarrels, which are particularly likely to occur when things are irregular, the girl becomes convinced that her point of view has been all wrong. Miss Marryat has written the story in her lightest vein, at times becoming rather foolish, but she is decidedly amusing, and that is something.

A MANIFEST DESTINY. By Julia Magruder. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

The name of Julia Magruder stands for that which is saccharine and sentimental. In *A Manifest Destiny* she does full justice to this reputation. There are but three characters in this novel of two hundred and twenty-five pages—a vapid girl, a bad man and a good man. The girl jilts the good man for the bad man, because the bad man is a lord and a rich one. But marriage for money and ambition does not give Miss Magruder the proper opportunity to display her sentimentality, so on page one hundred and eighteen she kills the bad man, and during the remaining hundred pages she is in her favourite atmosphere. The good man is very, very good. He remains true to the girl who jilted him, while she goes to America and repents of her sins in a small cottage and attended by one maid. He follows her there and wins her at last in the most approved fashion. Miss Magruder says "if he questioned her at all, it was with his spirit, and her answer came in that ineffable sense of union which fused their souls in one." It is a pity to read a story that is so absolutely lacking in virility. Miss Magruder's characters are always more or less anæmic. In this case they need a good, strong tonic.



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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1900.

February was notable in a book way in that there was published a new title, which at once took its place among the phenomenal leaders in point of sale. The advance orders were very large for *To Have and to Hold,* by Mary Johnston, and re-orders have continued in increasing numbers, so that it at present heads the list of best-selling books, and bids fair to be a permanent addition to the four titles—namely, *Richard Carvel, David Harum, Janice Meredith* and *When Knighthood was in Flower,* which for the past months have and still continue to enjoy such a remarkable sale.

Outside of *To Have and to Hold,* the month's publications, while somewhat more numerous than during January, do not hold out much promise of being very popular. *The Love of Parson Lord,* by Mary E. Wilkins, being the most likely to sell readily.

South African affairs continue to attract the attention of the reading public, and new works on this subject include *The Africanders,* by LeRoy Hooker; *The Anglo-Boer Conflict,* by A. Ireland, and *South Africa of To-day,* by T. Younghusband. The books most in demand, however, continue to be *Briton and Boer, The Transvaal from Within,* by J. P. Fitzpatrick, and *Impressions of South Africa,* by James Bryce.

Considerable demand is already noticeable for European guide-books, *Baedeker's,* as usual, having almost undisputed preference in this field. The volume on Paris is most sought for in view of the coming Exposition. This has also created some call for historical and descriptive books of the city of Paris in general. The sales of guide-books is one of the forerunners of certain characteristics of the spring trade, and an early renewal of business in the various books on outdoor subjects, together with an increase in the sales of paper-bound fiction, may be looked for.

Many new works of biography, travel, history, art, science and other miscellaneous subjects are issued from time to time, which have moderate sales for reference and general library purposes, but in few instances does any title become sufficiently popular to warrant mention in letters of this kind having to do with the most prominent features of the bookselling business only.

Fiction predominates the sales of this season of the year to a very large extent, and while all other titles are somewhat overshadowed by the present phenomenal leaders, there is still quite a list whose popularity warrants attention. *Prisoners of Hope* and *The Gentleman from Indiana* are increasing in demand; *Red Pottage* and *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim* continue in unabated sale, while such comparatively old books as *Hugh Wynne, The Honourable Peter Stirling* and *The Gadfly* are still readily saleable.

February business showed the same good characteristics of the preceding month, an increase over previous years being the result. Text-book sales were noticeable in the early portion, and library orders were numerous throughout the month.

The list of best-selling books at present is made up as follows:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By David Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. 1.50.

The Light of Scarthey. By Egerton Castle. $1.50.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.

The Black Wolf's Breed. By Harris Dickson. $1.50.

Captain Dieppe. By Anthony Hope. 50 cents.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1900.

The passing of February marks the close of the midwinter season proper and the approach of the early spring months, when trade begins usually to lighten considerably, and a gradually lessening demand warns the bookseller that the comparatively dull summer season is coming. Generally speaking, midwinter trade must be accounted good. It was heavy, perhaps heavier in the aggregate than last year. In some respects the period that has elapsed since Christmas has been more satisfactory than that which preceded and included the holidays. This is because the demand so far this year has been broader and more uniform. Then it was a few books only which sold enormously and dwarfed everything else by comparison. Since then not only the leading books, but everything practically of current interest, has sold well.

Considered alone, February was a successful month in bookselling circles. Sales were quite up to the average, and the demand was remarkably brisk at times. Country trade was stronger than usual, especially in regard to the leading novels, for which the call continues unabated.

The book of the month was *To Have and To Hold,* which scored an immediate and extraordinary success, even in these days of extraordinary sales. The work had an advantage in being practically the first in the field of the great spring novels, coming at an opportune time, too, when "something new" was wanted and being called for.

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A more modest, though equally well-deserved, success was attained by Miss Imlay Taylor's new book, *The Cardinal's Musketeer,* which belongs to the same class of popular historical romantic fiction. It is rather a curious coincidence that these two books and the other great success of the year, *Red Pottage,* are written by women. Last year nearly all the leading successes were written by men; this year it looks as if the ladies intend to have a turn.

The demand for *Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith* and *David Harum,* while not quite as large as in January, was nevertheless brisk and heavy. *When Knighthood was in Flower* is keeping well up in the list of best-selling books, and *Via Crucis* and *Red Pottage* made an especially good showing.

The season for European guide-books appears to be opening a little earlier than usual, and quite a brisk demand is being experienced for *Baedekers* and other works. Numberless guides and maps of Paris and the Exposition are in preparation, and within a few weeks these will probably prove quite a feature of trade.

The spring as a season for publishing is becoming more and more popular, and publishers do not now hesitate to bring out even the books they base their highest expectations upon at this time. This year the list of projected books is a long one and also a strong one, containing, as it does, an unusually large number of works of promising American fiction.

The following list of the best-selling books of February contains nearly all the works mentioned last month. *To Have and to Hold* leads, it will be noticed, although the work was not published until the latter half of the month.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.

The Cardinal's Musketeer. By Mary Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. $2.00.

The Divine Pedigree of Man. By Thompson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. $1.25.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1, 1900, to March 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sapho. Daudet. (Scribner.) 10 cents.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.25.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. **Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.**

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Briton and Boer. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes.) $3.00.
6. Etchingham Letters. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Paola and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Standard Opera-Glass. Annesley. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Musketeer. Taylor. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Boer and Briton. Bryce. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. The Legionaries. Cox. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Legionaries. Clark. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
2. Double Thread. Fowler. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Lunatic at Large. Clouston. (Gage.) $1.00.
4. The Map of Life. Lecky. (Longmans.) $2.00.
5. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Morang.) $1.50.
6. In Old New France. McLennan. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Briton and Boer. Bryce. (Harper.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Dracula. Stoker. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Weldin.) 75 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner.) $5.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. White Terror. Gras. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Paola and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Briton and Boer. Bryce. (Harper.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

*1. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Longmans.) 75 cents and $1.25.
†2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
†3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (McLeod.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes.) $3.00.
5. Vanity Fair (Thackeray's Becky Sharp edition). (Harper.) $2.50.
6. Various pamphlets and books on the South African War.

*Colonial Library.
†Canadian Editions.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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